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12 Tea Spoons	0 15 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt)	0 15 0	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon, &c.	0 15 0	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers	1 0 0	1 7 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
1 Butter Knife	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 7 0
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12 Table Spoons	1 13 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 10 0
12 Dessert Forks	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Tea Spoons	16 0	1 0 0	1 2 0	1 5 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	16 0	12 0	12 0	13 6
2 Sauce Ladles	6 0	8 0	8 0	9 0
1 Gravy Spoon	6 0	9 0	10 0	11 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	3 4	4 0	4 0	4 6
1 Mustard Spoon, gt.bwl	1 8	2 0	2 0	2 3
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	2 6	3 6	3 6	4 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 10 0	1 10 0
1 Butter Knife	2 6	4 0	5 6	6 0
1 Soup Ladle	10 0	12 0	16 0	17 0
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Total	9 19 9	12 9 0	13 9 6	14 17 3

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N^o. 337.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

[PRICE 2d.

AT THE BAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CRUISE UPON WHEELS," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VII. NEITHER A DINNER OF HERBS NOR A STALLED OX.

It was really a curious thing as a study to observe how profound a mistress of the art of being disagreeable was our friend Miss Carrington. To her own friends who came to see her she would complain (whenever she could do so before the unfortunate Gabrielle) of the inconveniences which she had to endure. Miss Carrington's friends in London were not numerous, but they made up for it in spitefulness. They were perpetually trying to make her alter her plans, and one lady especially, who was known by the name of Preedy, was always persuading her dear friend to remove to a certain boarding-house near at hand, where she—Miss Preedy—had resided for upwards of a twelvemonth.

"You've no idea," Miss Preedy would say, "what good company we are. We're never dull, our meals are feasts in season with the flowing bowl." There seems reason to believe that in saying these words Miss Preedy imagined herself to be making use of a well-known quotation. "And then," she would continue, "we are all well connected, you know; people with whom you would not be ashamed to be seen talking. There's General Scrope, who heads the table—a man whom anybody might be proud to know. And such conversation—such flow of anecdote as that man possesses. Then there's Lady Groves, charming person, hires her brougham almost every day, and keeps it standing at the door a good three-and-sixpennyworth of the time, and giving quite a distinguished aspect to the house. Though as to carriages, there are times when you'll see as many as three or four before the door at once, and the horses champung their bits make it all feel quite aristocratic. Now come and live among us, Diana dear, and you'll see how you'll be understood and made much of, and I'm sure Mrs. Penmore wouldn't mind, would you, ma'am. You know you'd easily get another lodger."

To which Mrs. Penmore, turning very red, would reply, "That Miss Carrington was a relation, a cousin, indeed, of Mr. Penmore's, and that if she saw any reason for changing her place of abode she would have no successor;"

and then Mrs. Penmore would take an early opportunity of getting away out of the room, and would break her heart by herself in private.

"Seems rather proud, your relation," Miss Preedy would remark. "Ah, you may depend upon it you'd be better with us in Wimpole-street, and so much more cheerful."

Or another kind of temptation would be held out by another of Miss Carrington's friends, a widow this time, and one not bred at St. James's.

"Take a little 'ouse," this lady would suggest, "that's what I'd do, if I were you—a nice little 'ouse, with your own things about you, and your own servants, and your own way. I've got a little 'ouse myself, and I find it answer, and therefore it is that I recommend you to get one too; and here's Mrs. Cantanker here, I'm sure you agree with me, Jane, don't you?"

"Ah, mum," would be the reply of the personage thus appealed to, "and that you may be sure I do, and many and many's the time that I've begged and implored my mistress to have a place of her own, and not be at the mussy of anybody, be it who it may."

But Miss Carrington would always reply, with the air of a martyr, "That it could not be; that Mr. Penmore"—she never alluded to Gabrielle, who, however, in this case would not be present—"that Mr. Penmore was her relation, that his circumstances were somewhat embarrassed, and that she would not, on any account, withdraw her assistance, unless, indeed, anything should occur that might make it inevitable. That she was altogether comfortable, or that her good Jane Cantanker was altogether comfortable, she could not, consistently with truth, assert, far from it. But she was determined to stick by her relative to the last, though if, indeed, circumstances should occur rendering a separation unavoidable, then she would certainly think of what her friend Miss Preedy, or her friend the widow lady" (as the case might be), "had so kindly suggested."

Then at dinner-time, the period selected always for agreeable remarks, Miss Carrington would retail the substance of what had recently transpired, taking care to show plainly what an estimable character she was, and how she was sacrificing her own comfort and advantage to that of her relatives. And here the virtuous Cantanker would be brought into the conversa-

tion, whenever her influence seemed likely to assist in backing her mistress up. This was one of the things which Penmore found the most difficult to endure of all. His detestation for Jane Cantanker was something ferocious, and hardly to be concealed. He said it took his appetite away to see her standing there behind her mistress's chair watching everything and listening to everything, with her mistress appealing to her continually, and seeming to receive every word she said as if it fell from the lips of an oracle.

"I've had a gentleman visitor to-day," said Miss Carrington one day at dinner-time, and speaking with an infernal and aggravating sprightliness. "Haven't I, Cantanker?"

"Yes, miss," replied the lady, slowly and sententiously, "a terew gentleman."

It is impossible to say how it was done, but it is certain that Miss Cantanker managed to convey in these words the impression that Gilbert was *not* a "terew gentleman."

"I thought I heard a heavier footstep than usual on the stairs," remarked Gabrielle, who was always ready to talk on any subject that promised peacefully.

"What sharp ears you have," retorted Miss Carrington; and then with restored cheerfulness, "and a military gentleman, too—wasn't he, Jane?"

"Capt'g Shaver, 'alf-pay," replied Cantanker, in the same solemn tone, "and a terew gentleman."

"He's withdrawn from the service," continued Miss Carrington, "and has made quite a study of health and medicine, and that sort of thing, and is really an authority. And he tells me that the aspect of my room is all wrong, and that I can never be well unless I am fronting the sun."

"I am afraid, as the house isn't upon castors, that we can't turn it round to the south, even to please Captain Shaver." This was the remark of Mr. Penmore, who, if the truth must be owned, was disposed to be rather rude to his cousin at times. But then was there not cause, and was not the presence of Cantanker enough in itself to justify a small amount of incivility? "There's your bedroom has the morning sun upon it. You might make that your sitting-room, and use the other for a bedroom."

"Ah, but Captain Shaver says that a sunny aspect for one's bedroom is even more important than for one's sitting-room. Doesn't he, Cantanker?"

"That was his remark, miss," replied the domestic.

Gilbert, in confidence to his plate, expressed a wish that Captain Shaver might be somethinged. Aloud he intimated that that made it very difficult, certainly.

"If you please, miss," remarked Cantanker, "there was likewise something which the gentleman observed with regard to the position which should be occupied by the bed of any one who was wishful to enjoy repose. Something about the pole—the curtain-pole, was it?"

"Oh yes, of course there was, Cantanker, but it wasn't the curtain-pole, it was the North Pole. Gilbert, Captain Shaver says that it is impossible to be in good health unless your bed lies along the line of the polar current, running north and south. And then he got out a little compass, and I showed him, by means of the sofa, how my bed was placed (for of course I was not going to admit him to my bedroom), and then he got himself in line with the sofa, and he consulted his compass, and then he cried out, turning quite pale as he spoke, 'Why, bless my heart, Miss Carrington, the article of furniture—' he was too delicate to call it a bed—"

"A terew gentleman," remarked Cantanker, sotto voce.

"The article of furniture under discussion," he said, "lies in a direct line east and west. I wonder, Miss Carrington, that you are alive." That's what he said. His very words, weren't they, Cantanker?"

"Yes, miss, he said he wondered you was alive."

"Now, Gilbert, what's to be done?" asked the lady, as if she believed that another night of it would kill her.

"I should think that nothing was easier than to turn the 'article of furniture,' as your friend calls it, round at a right angle, but I must remind you that these are matters out of my province."

"Ah," said Miss Carrington, coldly.

"If you'll explain what you want to me, I will try to set it right," said poor Gabrielle. "But I do wish," she added, with pardonable irritability, "that you would apply to me about such things, and not to my husband."

Madame Cantanker made a note of these words, fixing her eyes on Gabrielle with a deadly venom. Meanwhile, Miss Carrington remarked that "She really couldn't stop to consider every word, and to whom it ought to be addressed."

That night, when the young couple were alone, Gilbert cried out, in the bitterness of his spirit, "This cannot go on—that woman must be got rid of."

But they were hardly alone, for Jane Cantanker was listening at the door. She heard a good deal that night. She heard Mrs. Penmore say, "Oh, Gilbert, she is so spiteful, and she says such bitter things on purpose. She makes me feel so wicked, almost as if I could kill her sometimes," and she heard her burst out sobbing and crying. These things Madame Cantanker heard, but she did not hear—because she got tired of waiting—how, half an hour afterwards, Gabrielle said to her husband, "Oh, Gilbert, I didn't mean that I really was angry with her, and I wouldn't hurt a hair of head, and you know that, don't you? It's not much to bear, is it?"

It was one of Miss Carrington's peculiarities that she was extremely variable, and so different at different times, that, to use a familiar phrase, "there was no knowing where to have her."

She seemed of late to have taken a wonderful fancy for her cousin, taking every opportunity of showing her predilections too, and remaining quite unshaken by the numerous rebuffs and snubs with which, as we have seen, Gilbert was in the habit of receiving her remarks. For he really disliked the lady with a forty-cousin power, and probably her presence was almost more distressing to him than even to Gabrielle herself.

It may have been that this sudden regard that Miss Carrington began to manifest for her cousin was, to some extent, assumed and put on, in order to give annoyance, if possible, to Mrs. Penmore. Miss Carrington was, as has been said, good looking, and she was aware of it. She hated Gabrielle—though why, it would be difficult to say—and if it had been possible to inflict a pang in that direction, she would undoubtedly have been only too glad.

One day she produced a photograph of herself for which she had been sitting. It was a good likeness, but what the artist who took it had gone through, who shall describe? Of course the man knew something of what he was about, and, in arranging her attitude, had to consider the defects inherent in the instrument, and to bear in mind that any part of the sitter which came nearer to his lens than another, must needs be exaggerated to twice its real size in the picture. This is why we all have to submit to be pinioned into all sorts of ungraceful positions when we sit for such likenesses. This is why we are fain to be so very unassuming in the pose of our legs, and to keep our elbows well back, lest our hands should assume gigantic proportions, and ruin the natural refinement of our aspect. But Miss Carrington was not to be easily drilled into submission. She had views of her own on the subject of attitude. She had a fine hand; and determined to give prominence to this elegant extremity, she insisted on so placing it, that it came out in the photograph about the size of the wooden hand which dangles still over the fronts of some of our metropolitan glovers' shops. The photograph had of course to be cancelled, and so had another, in which the lady appeared with a pantomimic head, not to speak of another with a gigantic nose, and yet another, where the skirts of the dress claimed a monopoly of space, so that the head and body of Miss Carrington was only seen in the distance, and bore no proportion at all to her lower extremities. In short, it was a photograph of the lady's feet, and very large feet they seemed, too, which, to do her justice, was not the case in reality. At last, Miss Carrington was obliged to submit to professional knowledge, and the result was a very striking likeness of the lady in a somewhat constrained and unnatural attitude.

"There, Gilbert," said Miss Carrington, in a sentimental tone, and handing him one of the portraits. "There is something which I hope you will keep for old acquaintance' sake." She was always trying to hint that there had been some tender passages between them in former

times, for which there was not the slightest foundation in fact, as indeed they had not met half a dozen times till now. Mrs. Penmore gave a little start as those words were spoken, but on Gilbert himself they were entirely lost.

"Ah, oh yes," he said. "Dear me, what a good likeness; who did it?"

Miss Carrington replied that it was the work of a dreadful wretch named Grouper, in the Tottenham-court-road.

"Well, at any rate it's a very good likeness, isn't it, Gabrielle?" and he handed the work of art across to her, adding, in entire good faith, "and you'd better take care of it, as I should be sure to lose it."

Mrs. Penmore was just beginning to corroborate her husband's opinion, when Miss Carrington suddenly started up from her place, and exclaiming, "Well, I think you might have pretended to care about it, at any rate," went away to her room.

She was closely followed by Jane Cantanker, who, however, turned a destructive glance in the direction of poor Gabrielle as she passed through the door.

"Is she mad?" inquired Gilbert of his wife, when both the ladies had disappeared.

"You never cared for her?" asked Gabrielle.

Her husband burst into a roar of laughter. "I should think not," he said. "Nor she for me; why, I've only seen her two or three times in my life."

"It's very extraordinary," said Gabrielle. "She's been so odd lately, sometimes violent and excited almost, and sometimes quite heavy and stupid, and refusing to come down stairs or let any one see her but her maid. I hope she is not going to be ill. She certainly gets more capricious every day."

CHAPTER VIII. CORNELIUS VAMPI AT HOME.

THERE were retained in the service of Mr. Cornelius Vampi, besides the youth who assisted in the herb shop, an old man and his wife. These looked after the house, did what was necessary in the way of cooking, and made the beds, functions which were performed by either one of them indifferently—as the case might be. Old Smaggsdale, or, as his master called him, "Smagg," could make a bed or cook a dinner at a pinch as well as his wife, and would sometimes have to turn his hand to such matters when his better-half was engaged in cleaning the house down from top to bottom, which she invariably did whenever she felt disposed to be low in her spirits. There was, however, one function which old Smagg had entirely to himself, and with which his good lady was in no wise disposed to interfere. The observatory up-stairs was entirely under the charge of the husband, and he it was to whom the privilege of assisting the great philosopher in his experiments was alone accorded.

The fact is, that Mrs. Smaggsdale, who, as her way of curing low spirits amply testifies, was a person of practical mind entirely dis-

believed in everything that went on in the laboratory. Could any good come of a room that was never dusted? Could anything done in such an apartment prosper? Could science which required to be prosecuted under such conditions be worth twopence? She had been forbidden to enter that room. Once, many years ago, impelled by a sort of frenzy of cleanliness, to attacks of which she was liable, she had entered the room and carefully dusted everything she could lay her hands upon, and had felt a lightness of spirit afterwards of an unparalleled kind, for she said to herself that now, for once, all the house was clean and sweet. Her hilarity, however, was not of long duration. The astrologer found out what had happened, and denounced her with imprecations of so unknown and incomprehensible a sort, as nearly frightened her to death. He called upon all the most vicious of the planets to set themselves against her. He handed her over to the Great Bear to be hugged, to the Little Bear to be torn and lacerated. He brought the signs of the zodiac to bear upon her. Scorpio and Leo were let loose for her benefit. The Crab was to nip her with his claws, and Taurus was to impale her on one of his horns. In short, such a combination of horrors were to accumulate upon her devoted head, that life itself would hardly be worth the having on such terms. What was left to the wretched woman after this but to depreciate the science which was so much against her? And she did so with all her might, and even tried to make a sceptic of her husband as well.

With regard to that good man, I am afraid that it must be stated that he was of a weak disposition. He temporised. In the laboratory, and under the influence of his master, he was a profound believer. In the kitchen, and with his wife's sarcasms ringing in his ears, he doubted. Smagg was a little, seedy, mouldy old man, with a crestfallen carriage, and a shuffling gait. His appearance was wonderfully like his character, and both were evasive, in consequence, no doubt, of this double part which he was always playing. To do him justice, I believe that he had not the least idea as to the state of his own mind in connexion with his master's pursuits, and that he was for the time perfectly sincere, whether in his belief or in his doubt.

In pursuance of that system of having all duties in common which prevailed throughout the arrangements of this worthy couple, it happened that Mrs. Smaggsdale was not unfrequently called upon, when there was a press of business, to serve behind the counter, where she was, indeed, extremely serviceable. Here, too, her husband would occasionally officiate, and on him would devolve the duty of communicating with the head of the establishment when that remarkable character was too much engaged with the stars to be able to attend to the shop. This seldom happened, however, except in the evening, a season when the philosopher thought he had a right to devote his time to his favourite pursuits.

It is with evening time that we have now to do. The evening of the day on which Mr. Julius Lethwaite came to the conclusion—as stated in a previous chapter—that he would go and have an interview with the astrologer.

"I was just occupied with your affairs," said that jolly individual, as Lethwaite entered his sanctum. "You have been a good deal in my thoughts lately."

"And I suppose you knew I was coming this evening?" remarked the cynic, with something of a sneer.

"You sent a premonitory current in this direction, which reached me about five minutes since," replied the philosopher, in perfect good faith. "I said to myself, 'He'll be here presently.'"

"What an impostor you are, Vampi!"

"Ah, sir, you know better than that," replied Cornelius, not in the least disconcerted. "But, as I was saying, I've been occupying myself with your affairs lately, and that made me, perhaps, particularly accessible to any influence of an atmospheric kind coming from you."

"And may I ask why I've been so fortunate as to occupy your attention lately?"

"Well, sir, to tell you the honest truth, your affairs are not looking so well as I could wish, and that's why I've been trying hard to pry into them a bit." The philosopher turned over a good many bits of paper with all sorts of hieroglyphics, and queer figures, and mystic words upon them, and scratched his head with the blunt end of a pair of compasses in much perplexity. "From the time when you first confided to me the particulars from which I was able to construct your horoscope," continued the astrologer, "I've been able to put you up to more than one coming event, now, haven't I?"

"Well, you've made one or two good guesses, certainly," replied the other, in a provoking manner.

"Ah, you may call them guesses, but I know better than that, and so do you." The philosopher was used to his client's sceptical way of talking, it being Lethwaite's habit always to act as if he believed in Vampi, but to talk as if he did not. The astrologer himself did not really much care; he believed in himself, and that was enough.

"Guesses!" he continued. "Ah, you little know the certainty of Science and the extent of her revelations. It is with us that the uncertainty lies, and the difficulty. The truth is all there," he said, pointing to the starlit sky, "if we poor mortals could but read it. But we gaze with dazzled eyes, and read with faltering vision, and hence it is that we are liable to mistakes. If I could venture—which I dare not—to trust my mental vision altogether, I could tell of things yet to come of which we see no hint even, in the events which are going on around us."

"And where do you see all these things?" asked the disciple, for such he appeared to be at the moment.

"There," replied the adept, pointing again to

the heavens. "The nations have their horoscopes as the individuals have of whom the nations are made up. There are signs in the sky which those who study long and reverently can read, warnings that threaten, combinations which, indicating the fusing together of bodies which may not peacefully amalgamate, must surely end in discord. These, and the like of these, we can see, though, as I have said, with dazzled eyes, and the meaning of these we can partly make out, but with hesitating and doubtful perception only."

There was a pause here of some duration, and Vampi occupied himself again with his cabalistic papers.

"And do you really believe in these things, Cornelius?" asked Lethwaite, whose cynicism seemed for a time to have deserted him, "or are you only making a pastime of things that sound too serious for play?"

"Pastime! Play!" echoed Vampi. "How can you even use such words. Why, my life is given up to the study of these things. This, far more than the trade which I am obliged to follow, is the real business of my existence. And my reward is great. Detached from the things of this world, alone in this garret, with nothing but the air between me and the heavenly bodies which it is my delight to watch, I have as little to do with the bustle and noise of this great town—as am as utterly alone in it and as little affected by it, as a solitary in the desert. And so, like a solitary, I see strange visions here, and sometimes with the aid of this glorious invention," and he laid his hand upon the telescope as he spoke with something of affection, "I seem to be on the point of making such discoveries as one day shall make my name immortal. Nay, my very sleep is less a sleep than a transition into another and more spiritual world, where I mingle with the shades of those whose written thoughts have been my guiding study in my waking hours, the shades of Aristotle, of Newton, and of Herschel, of Albertus Magnus, and my namesake, Cornelius Agrippa."

"And what do these tell you—what do they bid you do?" asked Lethwaite.

"They bid me go on, and by no means to be discouraged. In a society entirely occupied with facts they bid me deal with what the world calls fancies, and study still to bring to perfection those neglected arts by which it is possible to foretell the future, to warn men of coming misfortunes, or congratulate them on the approach of a prosperity of which they can as yet know nothing."

"And it is a prediction belonging to the first of these sections which affects me just now?" asked Lethwaite.

"It is so," replied the adept. "There is some risk to be apprehended in your case. There are adverse influences at work, and which will be at work for some little time to come, by which your undertakings will run the risk of being fatally opposed. You were born under Saturn, and there are some even more powerful

than he whose machinations are just now much to be dreaded. Therefore, I say, be wary."

"Then what would you advise, Cornelius?"

"I would advise you to practise the greatest caution," replied the sage. "I would advise you for some time to come to engage in no enterprise or transaction of unusual importance, and to regard every proposal that may be made to you with the greatest suspicion; to walk, in fact, with an especial caution, and as one does who knows himself to be surrounded with pitfalls. I suppose," he continued, after a pause, "that you have no reason yourself, and from anything you know, to apprehend any risk?"

"Of what kind? Do you mean of a personal kind?" asked Lethwaite.

"No, as far as I have been able to make out, it is not a personal risk that you have to apprehend. There is no single indication of anything of the sort."

Julius Lethwaite turned over what the astrologer had said in his mind for some time. It had made more impression upon him than he could account for. He generally played with life as if it were some instrument of music, and that with so light a touch that the full sound was never got out of the deeper and more solemn chords. He was not much used to being in earnest. Trouble and he had had but little to say to each other.

Suddenly he thought of that visit from old Goodrich. He remembered that the old man had seemed to be very much in earnest, and that he appeared to speak as if there was some special risk at hand. He had hinted that his master's partner, Mr. Gamlin, had been speculating in an injudicious manner, and that considering the state of things in America—the reader is reminded that we are speaking of a time when the American war was impending—that considering what thoughtful men were saying in the City, Mr. Gamlin was much too fond of dealings with the then United States of America. These were disturbing thoughts, or rather they would have proved so to any one who had harboured them. But they were unwelcome guests in the mind of Julius Lethwaite. His motto was "Sans souci," and in a very few minutes after these unpleasant reflections had passed before him, he had managed to become his old self again, and was ready for all sorts of unprofitable speculations about the corruptness of humanity, or indeed anything else that did not concern his prospects.

He had got rid of every uneasy feeling, and was preparing to probe the astrologer with more questions, when he was interrupted by an undecided sort of tap at the door.

"Come in," shouted the philosopher, who recognised the sound. "Come in, Snagg."

The little man obeyed, and closing the door after him as he entered, shuffled up close to his master's chair, and made the following announcement:

"Here's the lady, master."

"And does she decline to do business with you?"

"Declines to do business with any one but yourself."

"Oh, very well, then you may tell her that I'm coming down directly."

"Upon my word," remarked Mr. Lethwaite, as the door closed, "I think that's pretty well for a philosopher. Mysterious ladies coming here, and insisting on seeing Mr. Vampi, and quite sure that nobody else will do."

The philosopher smiled. "Ah, it's all innocent enough, poor thing," he said.

They descended the stairs together, and Lethwaite passed out at the private door, Cornelius impressing upon him once more as he did so the necessity of caution.

As Mr. Lethwaite passed the door of the herbalist's shop on his way home, he saw the figure of a lady standing by the counter. But she was muffled up in a shawl, and closely veiled, and her back was turned towards him.

CHAPTER IX. NOT TO BE PUT DOWN.

It was one of Mr. Lethwaite's great objects in life to find some means of pushing his friend Gilbert, and winning for him the chance, at any rate, of distinguishing himself. Our cynic had some acquaintances among solicitors, and might, no doubt, if he had chosen, have got for himself some experimental briefs from these gentlemen, who, like a large portion of their fellow-creatures, are ever ready to help those who are not in need of assistance. To secure their good offices for a friend who *was* in need of assistance, was not so easy. And here, it may be remarked, was a case in which the discovery of a corrupt instigating motive would have been sufficiently difficult, if Mr. Lethwaite had set himself the task of finding one out. Of course, he would have said that he had been actuated by that love of patronising which is inherent in the human breast, but few of his friends would have been found ready to endorse such an opinion.

It was, then, with a view of giving his friend a chance, that on a certain day about this time, our analytical friend thought that he would invite some of his legal acquaintances to pass the evening, and that he would ask Gilbert Penmore to meet them. And this was something of a piece of self-denial in itself, for these same lawyers were by no means the companions whom he would naturally have chosen, unless he had some special object in view. Be that as it may, the thing was decided on, and the young gentleman who held the nearest approach to a sinecure which is to be had in these severe times—or in other words, Mr. Lethwaite's clerk—was despatched in search, first of Mr. Jeffrey, of Searle-street, and then of Mr. Gregg, of New-square, and then of Mr. Craft, of Lincoln's Inn-fields, and finally of Mr. Phipps, of Furnival's. All these gentlemen were luckily disengaged, with the exception of Mr. Gregg, who was busy preparing the defence of a gentleman who had distinguished himself by an extraordinary power of imitating the handwritings of capitalists, and affixing the same to divers cheques drawn in his own favour.

This case was making quite a sensation in the profession, and the legal gentlemen assembled at Mr. Lethwaite's chambers were full of it.

"It's the cleverest thing you ever saw in your life," said Mr. Craft, as if he were talking of a work of art, and chuckling as he spoke. He was a little cheerful man, whom, to look at, or knowing him only slightly, you would have thought so good natured that he could be brought to do anything; but touch him on a matter of business, and you would find that, still with the most jovial manner, he could watch his own interest as well as another. "Here's one of the cheques, look!"

The other two attorneys pressed eagerly forward to look. The writing was in so remarkable a hand that every one felt that it *must* be like. Of these other two legal gentlemen, by-the-by, Mr. Phipps was of a smooth and somewhat evasive character, and Mr. Jeffrey was almost entirely speechless, and, having an asthma, wheezed instead of talked. It was much less compromising, he found.

"It's a most remarkable circumstance," remarked the smiling Mr. Phipps, "the proclivity of some natures towards evil. Now, if this misguided individual had bestowed half the labour and thought which he has devoted to the prosecution of illegitimate studies, on perfecting himself in some useful art, he might have been a valuable member of society, and would never have found himself in his present painful predicament." Mr. Phipps always spoke in this elaborate manner, and in an unctuous voice. In his own opinion, he had made a mistake in early life in not having adopted the bar as his profession—wouldn't he have touched the juries up, he thought to himself, with eloquent phraseology and flowing periods. However, it was too late to think of that now, so there was nothing for it but to bring his phrases to bear upon the exigencies of private life.

"I suppose the counsel on both sides are retained already?" remarked Gilbert, ever on the look-out.

"Ah, I believe you," chuckled the hilarious but somewhat vulgar Mr. Craft. "First-rate hands, every one of them, I can tell you."

"I hope he'll get off," remarked Lethwaite, languidly, between two puffs of cigar-smoke.

"*Hope* he will!" cried Messrs. Craft and Phipps, while the other attorney uttered a wheeze of astonishment.

"Yes I do," retorted the cynic. "There are always a certain number of people in a great society who can't stand the routine of ordinary business life, and who require adventure and excitement to keep them going. This was probably one of them. Besides, he only practised on the purses of commercial people, and you know, as well as I do, that they are all cheats, quite as bad as himself—"

"Come, I say," interrupted Mr. Craft, "that won't quite do; why, you are in the commercial line yourself, ain't you?"

"And I was just going to say, when you stopped me, that we cheat so at our place that

I was obliged to give up going to the office, lest my conscience should prevent me from sharing the profits of the concern."

"You will permit me to remark, Mr. Lethwaite," put in the elaborate Phipps, "that in the days of special pleading you would have attained to the greatest distinction, had your career led you into the intricate mazes belonging to that defunct institution."

"By-the-by," broke in the impetuous Craft, addressing his host, "if you've got such a strong feeling for clever rogues——"

"I have," interrupted the cynic.

"Well, then, you'll be interested in a case which is beginning to make no end of a sensation in West-end circles, and which I believe is looking my way for the defence."

"Ah," ejaculated Lethwaite, becoming interested at once as he thought of his friend. "Let's hear about it."

Poor Gilbert pricked up his ears also. Was there a chance?

"I'm disposed to imagine," remarked the smiling Phipps, "that I have likewise heard something of the case to which you refer. Is it not that of Godfrey de St. Aubyn, as he calls himself?"

"The same," replied Craft, "and a precious deep customer, I can tell you, as you shall hear. Well, he's another of the gentlemen who 'can't stand the routine of ordinary business' that you were speaking of just now, Mr. Lethwaite. He came over to this country with some good introductions, which are now thought to have been forged, and having very insinuating manners, and a pleasant way with him, he gets on by degrees in English society, and in time gets to have a lot of acquaintances among all sorts of smart people, and more especially among such as he had reason to know were well represented at their bankers. All this, no doubt, took time, and he had to live as well as he could upon a little money which he had, the result probably of some swindling transaction, and upon the credit which the tradespeople, seeing him always among rich people, were ready to give him. Besides, he had the intention of making a fortune at one stroke, and he looked forward to that."

"Well, gentlemen, being a good-looking fellow, with plenty of impudence, and the gift of the gab very strongly developed, and, moreover, having a fine voice for singing, he really made a great many friends, and got to be much liked, so that when he announced one fine day that he had received letters requiring his return to France immediately, everybody who knew him was in despair, and his parting request, that his kind friends would favour him with their photographs, was promptly complied with."

"But that was not enough for this affectionate gentleman," Mr. Craft went on. "As soon as he had got the photographs he discovered that there was still something wanting, and that he should never know a moment's happiness unless the photograph of each of the originals was written underneath his or her portrait. So he invites them all, or all he could get of them, to come on

a certain day to take luncheon with him, as a sort of farewell meeting, when they could give him their autographs. Now, four of his guests were men of great wealth, and this Godfrey de St. Aubyn had made it his business to find out where they banked in the course of some of the familiar conversations in which he'd been engaged with them before this time; then he'd got his information all ready, and by the day of the luncheon had made all his preparations."

"And now, dear ladies and gentlemen," he said, as soon as the meal was over, "I will speak of that which is next my heart, and I will ask you to give me those precious autographs which will make my portraits so much more precious, and on which I shall gaze with delight when I am far far away." And with that he leads the way to a table in rather a dark corner of the room, where were pens and ink all ready, and a book of photographs lying waiting for their signatures. A beautifully neat book it was too, and under each of the likenesses there was a little piece of the pasteboard cut away, and a different kind of paper appeared underneath ready for the name that was to be written there. St. Aubyn explained that it had been necessary to prepare the book in this way, as the pasteboard on which the photographs were stuck was absorbent, like blotting-paper. He convinced them of this by making a mark at the side of the leaf, and showing them how the ink would run out of all form.

"Well, they all signed their names in the little openings left for them, and then away they went, wishing the young man good-bye, and hoping they would soon see him again, and all the rest of it. Directly their backs were turned, up jumps mossu, and gets to work at his photograph book."

"Ah, I see," cried Gilbert, quickly. "He had let in slips of paper at the back, and having got the signature of each of these capitalists exactly in its right place, he had nothing to do but to draw out the papers and turn them into cheques."

"What an ingenious fellow to be sure," remarked Lethwaite.

"He sat up all night at work," continued the attorney. "By means of the signature at the foot of each slip of paper, and with the help of certain notes and letters which he had contrived at different times to get from his friends, he was able to forge cheques to various large amounts—£1000, or £500, or any sum that seemed to him a safe one, till he had made up a gross amount of not less than £5000. Then, as soon as the banks were open in the morning, there he was at the counter, receiving packets of notes and shovelful of gold with the calmest air imaginable."

"What an extraordinary fellow," remarked Lethwaite again.

"Yes, but the 'extraordinary fellow' made a mistake at last. There was one signature which he had obtained from a very rich gentleman, with whom he had had no previous correspondence of any kind, who had a very short name,

which of course I can't mention, but I may say that there were no more letters in his signature than there would have been in that of Paul Pry; so naturally our friend was very much puzzled, and found it very difficult to form the theory of a handwriting with so little foundation to go upon. He succeeded, however, tolerably to his own satisfaction; more so, indeed, than to that of the cashier to whom he handed it for payment. This gentleman bestowed one searching glance upon the draft and another upon the individual who presented it. This last was conscious that his severest test had now come, and may, perhaps, have worn something of an evasive air.

"Have the kindness to take a seat for one moment," said the cashier, very politely, and retiring with the cheque in his hand towards a door leading to one of the inner offices. As he got to the door, however, he paused for an instant, doubting whether he wouldn't pay the draft at once, and not bother the partners about it, when, looking back to where he had left our gentleman, he sees him very quietly sneaking out of the office. That was enough; off goes the cashier in pursuit, calls to the policeman who was always at the door, gives St. Aubyn in charge, and there's an end of it."

"But what was it that had aroused the suspicions of the cashier?" inquired Mr. Phipps.

"Well, he doubted about the handwriting. The look of the cheque was very different from any he had previously seen coming from the same quarter, and the sum demanded was so large that he thought it best not to act upon his own responsibility."

"Suspicious beast!" muttered the cynic; "not half so clever as the other chap."

"And you have to get up this man's defence?" inquired Penmore, with considerable eagerness, "Yes, sir," replied the attorney, a little coldly, "it's coming my way."

"Now I'll tell you what, Craft," said Lethwaite, sitting up in his chair, and thoroughly in earnest, "you must give our friend Penmore here a chance as junior."

"Ah, sir," returned the other, quite a different man now from the genial story-teller of a few minutes since, "I couldn't do it."

"Well, but why couldn't you do it?"

"Why, to begin with, Mr. Lethwaite, you see the case is, between friends, not a good one, and every one engaged by me *must* be a person of tried ability and considerable experience."

"How is a man to get experience," pleaded Gilbert, taking up his own cause, "unless somebody will trust him to begin with?"

"Yes, that's very true, sir," replied the other, "but this is not the sort of case to begin with. The slightest oversight, the least omission to push an advantage, would be fatal."

"Ticklish defence, I should say, very ticklish," wheezed Jeffrey the silent.

"Well, I think this is an unfriendly act on your part, Craft," said Lethwaite, speaking quite in earnest.

"Now, don't you be hard upon me, Mr. Lethwaite," replied the attorney. "I've got my clients to satisfy, remember, in the choice of the barristers who are to represent their interests, and they like well-known names."

"Don't press it, Lethwaite," said Gilbert, rather dearly. "Mr. Craft would rather not try the experiment, evidently."

"Yes, but I *do* press it, and I think it's very unfriendly."

"Well, then, look here, Mr. Lethwaite," Mr. Craft broke out, desperately; "if you must know, there's another reason."

"And what's that?"

The attorney hesitated a little, and then he blurted it out all the more roughly that he was shy of what he had to say.

"Why, the fact is, sir, that your friend speaks with a foreign accent, as you must have observed, and that would go very much against him in an English court of justice."

Few things could have been more awkward than an announcement such as this. It was awkwardly said too, and an unpleasant silence followed the attorney's speech. As for Penmore himself, he had been prepared for it; it was not the first allusion that had been made to that disaster, which was the result of his bringing-up. His friend Lethwaite felt it almost worse than Gilbert did. He was a great partisan.

"I never heard such nonsense in my life," he said. "Mr. Penmore is an Englishman by birth, has an English name, and speaks the language as well as I do. The whole question is about a trifling accent, a matter of pronunciation, which will improve every day. I dare say he knows the grammar of the language better than you do, Mr. Craft, and I'm sure he knows it better than I do."

"Very likely," retorted Craft, "but that's not the question. The grammar ain't much, as we see every day in letters to the newspapers, and in Queen's speeches, and the like. Juries don't mind a few faults in grammar, but a foreign accent would set them against a man, and against his argument, directly."

"Nonsense," retorted the partisan. "What do you say, Mr. Phipps?"

"I am afraid," replied that polite gentleman, "that it will be indispensably necessary for me to give it against you. In England there is a most powerful conviction in the public mind that foreigners are, as a race—shall I say bamboozlers? I really am unable to think of a better word at the moment—bamboozlers. And if they were to hear your friend speaking with a foreign accent, they would not pause to consider whether he might or might not be of English extraction and birth, but would say at once, 'Now we are going to be bamboozled.'"

"The fact is, again," continued Mr. Craft, "that a court of justice is a very queer concern. Once now, for instance, give them a chance of laughing—"

"Of laughing?" cried Lethwaite.

"Of laughing?" echoed Gilbert, savagely.

"Yes, gentlemen, I'm obliged to say it. They

might take it into their heads to laugh—and then where are you?"

Mr. Jeffrey was understood to wheeze forth the announcement that "they'd laugh if you so much as held up one of your fingers to them."

"Now I'll tell you what," said Mr. Craft, as he filled himself a fresh glass of brandy-and-water, and kindled a fresh cigar. "Suppose, in order that we may form a candid opinion, and a fair one, that your friend Mr. Penmore was to give us a specimen of his speaking. We've only heard him in the course of conversation, you know, as yet, and if he was to make a regular set speech, it might be different. Here, you've got a lot of law-books here, Mr. Lethwaite—not that you make much use of them, I suspect—and there are speeches of Lord Brougham's and Lord Campbell's, and lots of other law swells. Suppose, now, that Mr. Penmore was to take one of these and recite it to us; or maybe he has something of the sort by heart, something he may have learnt to build his style upon; let him give us a speech of that sort, and we might, perhaps, form a more favourable judgment."

"Oh, you can't expect a man to do a thing of the sort in cold blood," said Lethwaite, with rather an anxious look towards his friend notwithstanding.

Gilbert was silent. Such a proceeding as that suggested by Mr. Craft was peculiarly repugnant to him. To attempt such a thing in cold blood, as his friend had said, was terrible. How could he do himself justice? Was it not sure to be a failure? But then he thought of Gabrielle, of the comforts she stood in need of, of the privations she had to put up with. He thought of his own ambition to excel in the law, and of all he had already sacrificed to that desire. And then he determined that he would endure yet this annoyance also, and do the thing that was required of him.

He turned over the leaves of one of his friend's books, containing various reports of trials, till he came to one containing a speech of Lord Stowell's, which it happened that he knew to a great extent by heart. And in this, after pausing a little while, as a bather delays before descending into the cold water, he fairly embarked, while the attorneys, prepared to criticise, were encamped over against him in formidable array.

The speech was one of those in which great eloquence and the soundest logic and the most astute reasoning were combined together. In short, it was a model of what such an address ought to be, and, truth to say, it was really done justice to by Gilbert Penmore, in spite of his accent. A more enlightened set of judges than our three solicitors must have perceived this, but to the peculiar pronunciation of some of the words was the only thing worthy of note, and even when the address, as it advanced increased in strength of language and eloquence, when men of a less matter-of-fact sort would have been carried away by the earnestness and intelligence with which the speaker made his points—even then it was of the accent with

which the words were uttered that the lawyers thought, far more than of the meaning which those words conveyed, and the power with which that meaning was enforced.

It may have been that Gilbert felt the critical attitude of his audience, and saw that he had to fight against a hopeless amount of prejudice. For a time he contended against this feeling, and indeed throughout he never gave in to it, but it annoyed him, and made him nervous nevertheless, and that caused him to make one or two mistakes, at every one of which he could see his auditors exchange glances, manifesting at the same time a strong desire to laugh, probably only kept in check by the imperturbable gravity of their host, who saw that his friend was beginning to get into difficulties, and did all he could to give him nerve and courage.

Gilbert went through to the end, sustained by the determination with which he had started, but he felt that he had not succeeded in winning the favourable opinion of his auditors, and when he had got to the end of the speech, he said so in so many words.

"Now, look you here, Mr. Penmore," said Craft. "You take the advice of a man who's been engaged in the practice of the law for something like twenty years, and you turn your attention to some other branch of the profession than that which you're now aiming at. As a conveyancer or a chamber counsel there's a vast deal of money to be made; your law studies would not be thrown away, and any defects of speech, such as we've been talking about, would not be of so much consequence. But as to your going into court in the capacity of advocate, as you seem bent on doing, take my word for it, it won't act, and the sooner you give up the idea the better for you."

"And is that your opinion, Mr. Phipps?" asked Gilbert.

"Well, sir, I am constrained to admit that it is," replied that gentleman.

"And yours, sir," continued the young barrister, addressing Mr. Jeffrey.

Mr. Jeffrey wheezed assent.

"Well then, gentlemen," said Gilbert, nothing daunted, "I have only to say that I'm very much obliged to you for your advice, and for the patience with which you have heard me, and for the restraint you have put upon yourselves when you have felt inclined to laugh at me; but as to my giving up the object which I have kept before me for so many years—as to my pursuing some other branch of the profession than that to which I am at present devoted—nothing shall induce me to think of so acting till I have had the opportunity, once at any rate, of pleading in open court, and bringing this question which you have settled so quickly against me among yourselves, to the test of what may, to some extent, be called public opinion."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Lethwaite. "Well said. You shall prove them all wrong yet."

"Very good, gentlemen—very good," retorted Craft, with a grin. "All I can say is, that—we shall see."

"Yes, gentlemen," cried Gilbert, stoutly, "we shall see. And may the time of trial not be far off."

But, for all his brave words, the poor fellow went away that evening with a heavy heart.

ALL THE WORLD AKIN.

THERE is a French word, "*solidarité*," which, on account of its meaning and its usefulness, might be naturalised into English without raising much objection or opposition. It indicates the connexion, the oneness, the intimate union, the non-isolation implied by one member of society being bound for, and affected by, the welfare of the whole. The fact that all mankind are akin and are nothing but an innumerable brotherhood inhabiting one vast many-roomed tenement, has become apparent from recent discussions respecting the cholera, of which M. Victor Borie has given a summary in the *Siècle*.

For the last thirty years, people have been asking, What is cholera? Whence comes it? How can its return be prevented? What is the best defence against its attacks? When occurring, how can they be cured?

We may fairly pass with slight consideration any hypothetical, dreamy, or superstitious notions respecting its final causes. We cannot believe it to be the hand of Providence punishing us for our evil deeds. Because Providence is just; and so many honest folk have died of the cholera, and so many rogues have escaped or survived it, that *that* pious supposition must be discarded. Nor can we believe the cholera to be a natural means of keeping down a superabundant population. Men have been foolish enough to say, "We want a good war; we shall soon not know where to stow ourselves; Europe is too thickly inhabited." But there is no good war. War is one of the most senseless acts which our infant humanity commits. Moreover, there are not too many inhabitants, neither in the United Kingdom, nor in France, nor in Europe, nor elsewhere. We cultivate only one-tenth part of the habitable globe, and we set-to to cut each other's throats instead of cultivating the remainder. Truly, mankind is an intelligent race!

It is poverty, and the weakness which it engenders; it is debauchery and selfishness, which undertake the task of limiting the population. There is no need for either war or the cholera to give them a helping hand. War is quite a thing of human invention; and "the God of Battles," if not a scrap of heathen mythology, is certainly an abominable and absurd piece of blasphemy. It is now held that the cholera is an evil due to the same initiation; that the cholera, like the plague, is the consequence of human stupidity and folly; that, although we cannot exactly say what the cholera is, at least we know whence it comes. And, when once we know the cause, can we not avert its consequences by the effectual suppression of that cause?

The cholera is hatched in, and takes its flight from, the great delta of the Ganges, which throws itself into the Bay of Bengal through seventeen principal mouths, and by an infinity of smaller secondary channels. The mud, suspended in the stream of the Ganges, precipitated by mixture with the salt waters of the ocean, forms along the coast shifting bars and banks and pestilential marshes. The population of those districts is very dense. The Hindoos do not bury their dead; they confide them, on a bed of leaves, to the stream of the Ganges, who is commissioned to conduct them to "the celestial domains." Wretches at the point of death are sent adrift in similar style, in order that no time may be lost.

The bodies are cast ashore at the mouth of the river, in the midst of vegetable rubbish of every kind, and the remains of animals heaped together by the carnivores who abound in that country. The mud of the river, acting like paint or plaster, partially preserves the corpses of men and animals from the dissolving influences of the water, and converts them into a sort of glutinous organic soap. Then comes the dry season, says Dr. Selim Ernest Maurin, in the interesting essay which he has published at Marseilles, *Prophylaxie du Cholera*. The marshes, exposed to the heat of a tropical sun, soon yield to evaporation all the water at their surface. But the heat incessantly draws upon the moisture; the mud is laid bare, and in turn gives up all the liquid which it has to yield. It then splits and cracks in all directions, and the earth pours forth mephitical effluvia, of whose offensiveness those who have smelt the cadaverous odours issuing from a vault can form but a faint idea.

Is it a fact that the yellow fever is attributed to the miasms produced by the marshes of the Antilles? Is it a fact that Parisot has demonstrated that the plague is caused by the effluvia exhaled from the Egyptian cemeteries when sodden and soaked by the waters of the Nile? Why, then, should not Dr. Maurin and his colleagues be right in declaring that the delta of the Ganges contains the fountain-head of choleric invasions? Cholera exists in permanence throughout all Bengal, but in the endemic state. At certain epochs, whether in consequence of a disease amongst cattle, or in consequence of the excessive heats, it becomes epidemic. The river is laden with masses of corpses on the way to their heavenly abode, as the idiotic natives stupidly believe, and the delta again reaches its maximum of infection.

Then the poisonous effluvia carried away by the grand atmospheric currents, whose existence is proved by the marvellous investigations of Commandant Maury and Lieutenant Julien, and which travel from the equator to the pole and from the pole to the equator—are spread over the greater portion of the earth's surface. Maury speaks, and that without exaggeration, of tallying the air, and putting labels on the wind, to "tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth;" by means of cholera, the breezes which reach us from the delta of the Ganges are

labelled *Poison*. The high road followed by the epidemic is indicated by the currents. The movement of translation towards the pole, performed by the hot air expanded in the tropics, is accomplished in a north-westerly direction. Hence we see the cholera successively attacking Arabia, Egypt, Persia, Turkey, and the Russian Empire. The atmospheric current, towards the close of its course, experiences a check which lasts two or three months. A deviation then takes place towards the west, namely, in the direction of Denmark, Prussia, and Great Britain. Then the atmospheric column returns towards the south, and France, Spain, Tunis, and Algeria, are attacked by the disease. Ever since 1817 the cholera has invariably followed this route.

The cholera, thus pouncing down upon its victims from the upper regions of the atmosphere, explains sporadic or dispersed cases which appear here and there without apparent reason, quite unconnected with other cases, and in localities reputed healthy. An unseen whirlwind, a restricted boiling up and down of the atmosphere, a hole drilled in a stratum of air by sudden heats or electrical action, may allow the descent of sufficient mephitic atoms to introduce cholera where it is least expected. This circumstance alone suffices to demonstrate the folly of running away. The fugitive is just as likely to exchange the frying-pan for the fire, or to quit security for danger, as to escape effectually from an evil which is only apprehended.

With reference to this, a sensible letter in the *Times* urges that the most powerful predisposing occasion, if not cause, of an attack during the epidemic, is fear. It seems to depress the whole physical system, and to place it at the mercy of the dominant plague. It does not create the disease, but it lays the sufferer open to the entrance and action of its poison. Its earliest victims are the terror-stricken. We are gregarious creatures. One acts upon another, and feeling is contagious. Each soldier in a regiment derives stimulus to his courage or his fears from his comrades. An intrepid and self-possessed officer is as good as a battalion. Whatever, therefore, sustains the hearts of the people during the visitation of an epidemic is of greater value than physic. Every man of rank, clergyman, physician, and every chief of department should, therefore, be at his post when the epidemic strikes. Immunity does not lie in flight. This is a very practical fact. Be it that the fugitives carry in them, or with them, the seeds of disease, or are predisposed by being depressed by fear, or otherwise affected, cannot be affirmed; but that many runaways fall victims to cholera, is fact. Perhaps they that remain become injured, are, so to speak, vaccinated, and gain the day. Whatever be the solution, this is certain, the post of duty is the post of safety.

In the beginning of last August the disease made its first appearance in Ancona, and it immediately spread widely and rapidly, in consequence of the imprudence of persons who ought

to have known better. Several most indiscreet medical men raised the fears of the population to panic-pitch by trumpeting as loudly as they could the news of the malady's arrival. Out of a population, reduced by emigration to fifteen thousand in the town itself, and ten thousand in the environs, the deaths in the course of the first ten days amounted to more than fifteen hundred. The mortality, there can be little doubt, was occasioned quite as much by fright as by cholera. The syndic, or mayor, Count Fazioli, set the example of devotedness, in which he was seconded by his secretary, a stout-hearted young Piedmontese; but, of the other municipal functionaries, Assessor Marinelli was the only one who did not quit his post, bearing the burden which ought to have been shared by others. Nor did the fugitives gain much by their cowardice. At Loreto, Sinigaglia, and Civita Nuova, indeed, they were received with brotherly hospitality; but in other neighbouring towns they were very coldly looked upon, while elsewhere indifference was carried to the point of cruelty. At Porto Recanati, the captain of the National Guard headed those who pursued the fugitives. Several other towns distinguished themselves in this crusade against the unwelcome immigrants. At Monte Santa the municipality ordered domiciliary visits, to discover and expel the Anconitans who had taken refuge in certain houses; at Ertona and Gullanara their entrance was repulsed by gentle pressure with the bayonet and the revolver.

And now for the solidarity of Europe and Hindostan. We believe that we know where cholera comes from. How can we prevent its return? Bengal is the most fertile country in the world. The mud of the Ganges, the source of terrible epidemics, may serve still further to increase its fertility. Instead of spending hundreds of thousands of pounds, and sacrificing thousands of men in useless and ruinous expeditions, why should not Europe form a coalition against the scourge which periodically decimates it, and, by canalising the delta of the Ganges, render it cultivable, and, by means of the consequent drainage, healthy, or, at least, no longer a focus of pestilential emanations?

Have we already so much rice, tobacco, indigo, cotton, and sugar in the world that more is utterly superfluous, even if raised within easy reach of water-carriage? By the opening of the Isthmus of Suez, Bengal will soon be in direct communication with Europe. The centre of infection might be made to become an inexhaustible source of wealth, whereas it is at present an implacable instrument of death. The tribute paid to King Cholera, since 1817, amounts to forty-seven millions of corpses! Admitting that a man's life is of the same money-value as that of an ox, namely, some twenty pounds, or thereabouts, the total loss amounts to not much less than one hundred millions of pounds.

As to prophylactic measures: melons, peaches, and other especially-laxative fruits, should be abstained from, as well as excessively cold or

iced beverages, during the heat of the day. Symptoms of diarrhoea should at once be attended to. As to those who abuse strong liquors, or carry dram-drinking to excess, their fate is certain. One essayist on the cholera of 1832 has written: "The drunkard is condemned to death by cholera." In short, cleanliness, with temperance and sobriety in all things, are the most efficacious preservatives against this terrible affection.

As to curative means, doctors differ. A grand point is, for the patient to have faith in his doctor. The premonitory diarrhoea of cholera is almost always curable by remedies quite within the doctor's reach; it should, therefore, never be neglected during the continuance of the epidemic. To place the patient immediately in a warm bed, says Dr. Maurin, to keep up by gentle, dry friction the action of the skin, and to provoke a general perspiration, will be so much assistance rendered to the medical man during the incubation of the disease; but non-medical attendants should attempt no more. To do more, without calling in professional advice, would be great imprudence. In fact, the adoption of a decisive course of treatment requires a knowledge which cannot be communicated in general terms; there must be a practical tact and perception which the acutest intellects can only acquire by long clinical experience.

We may also permit ourselves to indulge in the hope that the nations of Europe, on sober reflection, and convinced of the world's solidarity, will cut off the evil at its root by cultivating an extraordinarily fertile region, which would give us in return both health and wealth. Must we wait another thousand years before such an incendiary proposition can be entertained?

NEW MOVE IN THE LIFFEY THEATRE.

SEEING that there is a temple to love, and brotherhood and peace in, full work in Ireland, and doing a good peace and brotherhood business, it is gratifying to me to find the ROYAL LIFFEY THEATRE sharing in the general prosperity of the hour. It is, so to speak, in full swing; that is, if there ever was swing in lavish pink and yellow posters, and plenty of flaring fiery-looking gas, and an eager crowd about the yellow door at the end of the lane, and a bouquet of its own, not yet "extracted" by Messrs. Piesse and Lubin. There is such a theatrically thriving air about the whole, that I cannot resist, and, wishing to contribute my little mite to peace and brotherhood, enter by the yellow door.

And yet, when I think that not so long ago the Royal Liffey Theatre was a sort of howling wilderness, where bats, and things more unpleasant than bats, might have their carnival; that it was given over to slow decay and desolation; that no happier personification of mildew and dry rot could be conceived—the present

transformation seemed almost bewildering. The oldest theatre certainly in the kingdom—for here, in the year 1741, Handel tinkled the Messiah at his harpsichord, and Signora Avoglio sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and Mr. Dubourg, the state composer, led off the fiddles. It must have tumbled into sure ruin, gradually mouldered into a nuisance, and have been taken down and cut out of the street, like a gangrene, to prevent its corrupting the houses about it, unless—unless my friend Mr. MALACHY had stepped forward, secured a lease on easy terms, and opened to peace and brotherhood at "one shilling private boxes, with access to the stage," and prices judiciously graduated to a penny.

Mr. Malachy had taken deep thought, and, like an inspiration, it had entered into his brain to produce the piece I was now looking at; that drama—like Pope's Kitty, "ever fair and young," the Vicar of Wakefield of the stage—THE COLLEEN BAWN!—on a grand new principle.

Seated in my private box—which is so far from being private, that there are three other persons occupying it—I find that we are well on in the fortunes of the ill-fated Eily. I look round the house, and find it crammed to the ceiling. I make out the old rococo shape, the remains of fossilised pilasters, and mouldering bits of fluted stucco, which is so far good, for it helps me back to the old magnificence of a hundred and twenty years ago, when "Mr. Handel" was sitting down below me, there where the four fiddlers are, "thrumming" away at his harpsichord, of which I have now actually a fragment before me; and when the "lord-lieutenant" and his court were all crowded together where the ragamuffins are; and when Mr. Dubourg was leading off his fiddlers to the Hallelujah chorus, then heard for the first time. And using my right of access to the stage, I find my way to the ancient saloon, awfully damp and green, with the plaster peeling off, known then, as it is known now, as the "Grove Room," and which has an air of the old quality and spaciousness of the old days when the lord-lieutenant and his nobility came—the ladies without hoops, the gentlemen without swords, to give more room to Mr. Handel—and waited here while the "chairs" and coaches were called. And surely this is some ghost of that ancient Messiah of a hundred and forty years ago! No. It is only Myles singing the Cruiskeen Lawn, which he is not allowed to sing long, for here is the whole house coming in in obstreperous and frantic chorus, shrieking their satisfaction in their "li-li-li-le Cruiskeen Law—n!"

Myles, I must confess, is scarcely as efficient as the original representative of the character, neither in his dress (he wears an old white hat without brim or crown, which gives him the air of a house-painter), nor in his bearing. At the same time, as the audience take so much part in the drama, acting, in fact, as a sort of classical "chorus," it is hard for him to work up his points properly. Thus, at one of the finest situations in the play, when Myles, expos-

tulating with Hardress, has thrown the painter's cap upon the ground, and is advancing on that gentleman, desiring to know "would ye make hur yer misthriss?" and is about to deliver the well-known burst about his (Myles's) retaining the "old spark of virtue," notwithstanding the temptation his peculiar course of life has exposed him to:—I say, at this crisis, it is disturbing to be encouraged by cries of "Give it to him!" "Hit him, Myles!" and I sympathise with that honest actor (Mr. Farrell, I think) when he stops and silences the unruly throng with a look of scorn and anger. At the same time, I cannot but admire his readiness, for when encored unreasonably over and over again in that "Cruisken Lawn" (from motives of pure selfishness in the audience, who only want to encore themselves), with singular tact he substitutes for the last verse, "And when grim death appears," &c., which even I was growing a little weary of, some lines to this effect:

And when your hearts are sore,
Ye need but look before,
And come here when ye can-an-an;
Here MALACHY you'll find,
And FARRELL's not behind,

(Pointing to his own waistcoat)

With the heart of a thrue Ire-rish man, man, man!
The heart of a thrue Ire-rish MAN!

But for little eccentricities I know well that Malachy is not responsible. He has his mind on greater things. He is unconsciously preaching Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle, and we are now drawing on to the water cave, where these principles will be revealed.

It came on me like a surprise. I was not prepared for such Realism. As the scene drew aside, to my astonishment and delight I found the stage three-quarters covered with a dark gloomy-looking pool. The necessities of the stage had indeed compelled him to a slight concession to some of the popular conventionalities: for the margin of the pool had to be masked by a canvas bank, and similarly the approaches at each side, where the hill leads down to the edge of the water, had to be lined with profile declivities. This fiction was unavoidable. But there below us was the *real* water, cold, still, deep, impenetrable, and looking perfectly black, Stygian, and uncomfortable.

I joined cordially in the praise given in the bill to the author of this arrangement, where it is stated that "the tank was under the arrangement of Mr. Malone." Thus, though the idea was Malachy's, the carrying of it out—often the most difficult of the two—was Malone's; and it gave me a better opinion of human nature to see how generously Malachy allowed to Malone the full credit of his exertions.

Hush! they come now at last. More Realism. A real punt, with Danny Mann and the Colleen—ah, in her old red cloak!—on board. Yet more Realism: for it will be recollected that the Danny, in order to stifle the sense of the crime he is about to commit, has almost stupified himself with liquor; and it seems to me, from a certain un-

steadiness in the management of the punt, that the conscientious actor has been "priming" himself. This would be quite in keeping with what I know of Malachy's character. Onward they move over the dark water, amid the cheers of the audience; but the punt is ill trimmed and ill managed, and rocks fearfully, and just as they touch the centre rock, the Danny is overboard, and the Colleen is prematurely submerged up to her middle. With infinite presence of mind the Danny rights the punt, has clambered on board, has landed the Colleen Bawn on the rock, and has proceeded to execute his purpose according to the programme. I am ashamed to say that indecent laughter greets this casualty.

Now, comes the well-known murder of the girl; and, having a commanding position, I see that a sort of dry wooden cell, or caisson, has been contrived next the rock, into which the poor struggling thing is plunged. Another concession to old prejudices, or rather to the Colleen's own private feelings, who, for no consideration of salary, could be induced to consent to realistic immersion! And I can make all allowance, seeing a wasted-looking neck over the red cloak, and a very spare figure, and something like a consumptive chest, and I can very well excuse Miss Lydia Rooney.

Now comes the retribution. Myles is at hand on the canvas bank, swings himself over by the rope—but mark how different the effect of swinging across *real water* instead of across "some ribbons of blue muslin," as Malachy puts it, for here is the *sense of danger*—sees that otter we all know of, and fires his—pistol in this case. It misses, but Danny, wishing to save the situation, plunges backward into the water, is seen struggling there for a time, and is got off at the wing somehow.

Then comes the "Header"—mark you, a *true* header. Nothing finer could be conceived. A splash of water that goes up to the ceiling. Even the very noise is satisfactory, for we always missed *that* in the other performance. Myles is an accomplished swimmer. For we can all see him paddling about; and not content with these exertions in the holy cause of rescuing the drowning, he comes out, and "goes in" again with yet another plunge. But it is a cold night, and the spectacle becomes really almost as heroic as the original philanthropy, for both are done in the cause of duty. At last he gets near to the dry caisson, out of which he draws the hapless Eily, raising her to the surface, and he gasping and leaning on the rock for support in the traditional way. Poor Eily! She has her wet probation in the cause of duty also, and not the least unpleasant portion must be that damp embrace.

Talking the matter over with Malachy afterwards, and I need hardly say congratulating him on his exertions, he tells me the difficulties he had to encounter were most dispiriting. The construction of "the tank," even with the aid of Malone, was almost disheartening. The

water would come through; and for a long time there was a steady ooze, which defied discovery, until it was found that the pit was rapidly becoming an unreclaimed bog. This element, however, was baffled—perhaps by the ingenuity of Malone. He bore generous testimony to the “willingness” of Myles, who was ready on any night, no matter what the weather. Even last March, when every one was enjoying his skating, this devoted gentleman went through his duty as usual; but the performances had to be suspended, owing to Myles, not unnaturally, contracting a rheumatic fever.

Taking it all in all, it is a move in the right direction, and the least I can wish Malachy is a “collar of gold.”

A HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

THE time of year has now arrived when most people have formed all their plans for the autumn months, and have settled where they will spend the season of general relaxation. Some are gone to Scotland, some to the German watering-places, some to the English coast, and some to foreign sea-side stations. They are bound, for the most part, in search of pleasure, rest, and change. Good luck be with them!

But there is another class of persons who are beginning to think of flight about this time, in favour of whom our sympathies should be the most strongly enlisted of all. These are they who, in forming their plans, have something besides pleasure to think of, who are preparing rather for the winter season than the autumn, and who have before them a period of absence from their native country of many months' duration. Exiles these, banished by no human authorities, but by a Power before which human authority must bow in unresisting humility. I speak of the chronically sick and enfeebled, and of those who watch over them and direct their movements.

And whither are all these individuals bound? They are all going in search of health; are they all going to the same place? By no means. They are going, some to Madeira, some to Algeria; others to Egypt, and yet others to the less distant shores of the Mediterranean, to Hyères, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, or other settlements on the Riviera. Of that last-named place of residence, Mentone, the author of this paper, having had something more than four months' experience, will say a word or two.

It is a good deal the custom among those who are acquainted with the south of France to draw comparisons between Nice and Mentone. Now, except in the matter of climate, it is hardly possible to do this reasonably, the two places being so very different. The one is a town, a sort of small capital, a place of fashionable resort, where people get themselves up very magnificently, and drive about in handsome equipages with stepping-horses and liveried servants, where calls are made and visits paid at the canonical hours, where balls are given, and

dinners, and where smart people from England, and princesses from Russia, and leaders of ton from Paris, congregate in considerable numbers, dressing themselves in splendid attire, and driving, and riding, and dancing, and flirting very much as they might in Belgravia, or in the Champs Elysées.

This is Nice. Mentone, on the other hand, separated from Nice only by some twenty miles of Maritime Alps, is little more than a village of one street, is quiet and unsophisticated in the extremest degree, and after ten o'clock at night lies steeped in a repose which is only broken on rare occasions by the appearance in the main thoroughfare of some Englishman of unwonted hardihood, who has been guilty of the frantic dissipation of having a game of billiards at the Cercle.

How can these two stations be compared? At Nice there are two distinct elements discernible in the local society: the fashionable element, and the invalid element. At Mentone the invalid element is altogether predominant, and a certain seriousness and unworldliness, so to speak, is observable about the tone of the place, which is remarkable, and perhaps—considering the cause of it—somewhat touching. At Nice you may spend your winter in gaiety and, if you like, in dissipation, and you may manage to fight pretty successfully against reflection; but at Mentone you *must* lead a quiet life, you *must* fall back, to some extent, on your own resources, and you *must* think.

The superiority of the Mentone climate over that of Nice has been established by the almost universal opinion of those who have made this subject a study. The violent storms of wind which are so common at Nice are only found at Mentone in a very modified form, and are of more rare occurrence. The Nice wind is indeed a thing apart, and can hardly be appreciated by any who have not themselves had experience of it. It is arid, furious, withering, and is accompanied by such whirling clouds of fine dust, that the unhappy wayfarer who happens to be out of doors when the storm comes on, is involved, in a moment, in a dense cloud of infinitesimal sandy particles, which, like a London fog, renders the objects about him entirely invisible, even if he dared open his eyes, which it would be the height of imprudence to do.

The first intimation which he receives of mischief brewing, is a peculiar one. A sort of darkness suddenly comes on when the daylight should be at its brightest, and (this when the wind itself is as yet inaudible) all the doors, which are most likely numerous, belonging to his apartment begin to rattle. The effect of this is very peculiar, and in no wise exhilarating. A terrific roar is presently heard outside; then the jalousies begin to flap and rattle, then the wind makes a rush at the building in which our stay-at-home friend is sitting before a wood fire, and finding ingress by the chimney, crams the smoke down it (as the ramrod drives the charge into a gun-barrel) and discharges it into the room in a massive

horizontal column, blinding our wretched invalid in a moment, and in the same moment covering every object in the apartment, chairs, tables, eatables, if there happen to be any about, with a penitential garment of dust and ashes. Nor is it smoke alone which is thus forced into the room; volleys of sparks and embers fly out of the fireplace as well, and you find yourself without warning in a perfect "chamber of horrors," and with your eyes full of irrepressible and bitter tears. And the storm once begun in this terrible fashion, the hurricane will continue to blow, the smoke to pour down the chimney, the chimney-boards, if there is no fire, to be driven into the rooms, the doors to rattle, and the outside blinds to flap, for a dozen hours at a stretch.

These winds are known doubtless at Mentone as at Nice; but at the former place the storms are of shorter duration, and the dust is less overwhelming. Mentone is a wonderfully sheltered place. It is situated in a bay, and partially surrounded by a ring of mountains, which fortify it against some of the fiercer winds very completely.

There can be no doubt that this health station, as one may venture to call it, is blessed with a rarely beautiful and genial climate. That you have unpleasant weather to encounter at Mentone in the course of the winter and spring months, is a thing about which there can, as a matter of course, be no doubt. You have occasional fierce winds, you have comparatively cold days, and you have a fair share of rain, *but you have no winter*. You have autumn and spring, and you must encounter some of the inclemency which belongs to both those seasons, and expect it; but the intermediate link—the ice-link—which, in our northern climates, holds the autumn and the spring together in bitter union, is wanting. All through that grim period, between November and March, inclusive, you are blessed with abundant sunshine. It is broken at intervals sometimes for four or five days together—though this very rarely indeed—by cloudy or rainy weather, but the sunny days come back, and sunshine is the rule here, and not, as with us in the winter, rare exception. There is, indeed, hardly a month in the year when you may not need to put up an umbrella to protect you from the force of the sun's rays.

This excessive power of the sun during the winter months is one of the peculiarities of the climate in these regions, and is said to be fraught with some amount of danger to persons in delicate health. It is dangerous for this reason: that the contrast between the sunshine and the shade is so great, that the passage from the one to the other is apt to give a deadly chill to those who make such a transition too suddenly. It is a wonderful sun that shines on these shores of the Mediterranean. It is scorching, and seems to have a kind of sting in it that almost gives you pain. The shade, on the other hand, is in its way equally remarkable. There is a sort of blue-black chill about it that makes you shudder. If you have to pass under the shadow

of a row of houses in the course of your walk, you compare the sunlit road on this side of it where you are standing, and on the other side of it to which you are going, and quail at the idea of the chilly space between. It is not possible to exaggerate this difference between sunshine and shade at Mentone. When the sunset takes place here, that same chill comes on in an instant. In fact, the shade has it all its own way then, and the medical authorities assure their patients that this is a moment when they should all be in doors. But, taking it even at its worst, it must still be admitted that the winter climate of Mentone is one of extraordinary clemency. It is a port for wrecked humanity to put into. There is safe anchorage to be found in this harbour of refuge, and every facility for the executing of repairs. There are cases known of very battered wrecks putting in here with scarcely a spar standing; but which, after remaining in port some time, and being diligently patched and mended up, have actually been able to stand out to sea again, and able to encounter rough weather without damage. For the most part, however, the vessels which put in here to refit go out only capable of sailing in smoothest seas and in fair weather, and even then are obliged to return to port very often, to go through a course of repairs. Let us be grateful that such harbours of refuge exist!

The beauty of the country round Mentone, and close about it too, is something wonderful. The Maritime Alps surrounding the bay on the shore of which the little town is built, all sorts of gorges and ravines give access to these mountains and to the hill-country beyond. On the sides of the hills and in the valleys are plantations of orange and lemon trees, on terraces raised one over the other, and on the lower ground, and where the shelter is the greatest, you can wander among the groves of olive-trees, wondering as you pass along at the grey indistinct mystery which seems to gather about and beneath them. These olive groves are ghostly places. Underneath the trees, which grow here to a great height, there lies, when they are planted thickly, a strange filmy shadow, in which the tree-trunks and all other objects show like spectral appearances rather than realities, so faint and unreal do they appear. In that dim shade, too, the gnarled and twisted arms of an occasional fig-tree planted here and there, and bare of leaves, writhe like fantastic snakes, and seem to threaten you as you walk beneath them. Such places, lying low in the valleys, with the mountains girding them about, remind one continually of the wood where Dante wandered, where the wolf came out from his lair to meet him, and where Virgilio's pale figure moved ghostly among the ghostly trees.

And often, as the year advances and the spring "comes slowly up," you chance upon some lonely spot still in the olive shade, where, unmortured by any human hand, and altogether uncared for and forgotten, the red anemones blaze forth in fullest beauty. As you come

upon a bed of these, you take note of the utter seclusion of the place in which they grow, you look around in search of some human dwelling-place, to whose inhabitants the flowers may owe their existence; and, finding no such thing, and marking the almost oppressive solitude which reigns over all the shadowy region round about, a sort of fearfulness mixes with your wonder, you snatch a handful of these splendid creatures hurriedly, and hasten away, looking back from time to time, and as long as it is still in sight, to that isolated spot where the flowers which you have left behind wave and bend in solemn fashion before the spring breezes. The glorious things of nature seem most glorious in this: that they do not need our applause, or court our admiration. We must seek them out if we want to see them, and they are still prodigies of finished beauty, whether there is any one by to admire them or not.

In this beautiful land there are regions where the narcissus grows in such profusion that the ground seems to have a pattern on it like a carpet, and mixed with these are legions and legions of violets, which throw over the old stone walls and banks of earth where they grow the thickest, a sort of halo or mist of purple, infinitely grateful to the eye. And other flowers there are which grow by the beds of the mountain torrents, and which the learned can call by their proper names, while the unlearned can admire them, thank Heaven, none the less, though they may know nothing about them. But many of these you must know well where to look for or you will never find them, growing as they do in retired, and sometimes almost inaccessible places.

And besides this scenery of the mountain and the valley, besides the olive groves, and the terraces where the orange and lemon trees grow, there is sea-side loveliness hereabouts, such as the shores of the Mediterranean can alone provide. Enormous headlands of magnificent form, promontories where the pine-trees and the myrtle-bushes grow down to the sea's edge, and little deep bays, enclosed by these, in which the water, of profoundest blue, lies sometimes motionless as a sea of glass, or gently chafes among the coral rocks, or in the waving of a wand, when the sudden storm arises, dashes against the very rocks which it was but now caressing, in whirling fury, its colour changing in a moment to livid grey in the passion-fit to which it has suddenly given way.

Wonderful, wonderful beauty, both of sea and land. Beauty of sunshine, and of calm, of a glowing earth, and a still blue sea. Beauty of the storm which changes both in a moment, the land lying veiled in a gloomy and fitful shade, and the water raging in dark ungovernable fury. Beauty of the mountain ranges, when the snow has fallen upon them in the night, and when the morning sunlight reveals them, in still and pure relief, against the blue atmosphere behind.

The lovely scenes in the neighbourhood of Mentone are within easy reach of those who can

only do but a very little in the way of walking; and here again the place may be favourably contrasted with Nice. About this latter place there is beautiful country in all directions, but then it is not close at hand. There is a considerable extent of weary suburb to traverse before you can get to it, and unless you are strong—which, generally speaking, when you go to Nice you are *not*—you are apt to find yourself at the end of your physical resources while you are yet among the villas of the Carabacel, or scaling the heights of St. Hélène. At Mentone it is altogether different, and you may be in the midst of the most beautiful scenery five minutes after you have turned out of your own doors. This is by no means a small consideration to invalids and convalescents who can crawl as yet but a very little way daily, and who do not wish that small diurnal excursion to which they are limited, to be made where there are villas enclosed in walled gardens on either side of the way.

It is very well that the walks about Mentone are so beautiful, and that many lovely scenes are within easy access, for locomotion, except by means of one's own legs, is both inconvenient and expensive here. There are no stands of public carriages to be hired at a moment's notice, and if you want a vehicle, your only course is to apply to a proprietor of carriages for it, giving him due notice of your need, and making up your mind beforehand that you will have to pay somewhat heavily. Even the donkeys here—which are very large and fine—are only let out at a price which in many cases is quite exorbitant. Indeed, it must be frankly owned that there is, on all sides, a very strong tendency towards extortion on the part of all the native purveyors of every kind of commodity. But then where is the watering-place, containing any special attraction of its own, where you are *not* plundered? We must not look for it on British soil, at any rate.

The speciality here is the climate, a peculiar air is in the market, and the invalids must bid for it and pay the market price. The place, in a manner, belongs to them. You see them creeping about in the sunshine, with large white umbrellas to shelter them from the very heat which they require, with black box-shaped spectacles which must be worn because of the glare, with respirators, and camp-stools, presenting—and more especially the young men among them, who are very numerous—an appearance which cannot fail to excite very sad feelings. Sometimes, too, you miss one of these well-known figures that you have been accustomed to meet in the course of your daily walks. In a few days more there is a new grave in the English cemetery.

In the matter of church accommodation, Mentone is particularly well provided. The little town is built on a sort of promontory or cape, in the middle of a very large bay, which by this promontory is subdivided into two—an eastern and a western bay. The houses in which visitors reside extend round both these in a

scattered line something like two miles long. Formerly there was only one church here, situated in the eastern bay, but recently another building has been opened at the other end of the town, where the English service is conducted under the excellent superintendence of the Rev. W. Barber, of St. John's, Leicester, so that no one—and this is a point of considerable importance to sick people—has far to go to church.

The town of Mentone itself is not by any means a nice town. For an ex-Italian settlement, it is considered to be rather exceptionally clean and well kept, but this is not saying much. There are odours, and apparently there are *not* drains. Some say that the town is drained into the sea, some that it is drained into the country by means of an ingenious system in which casks and donkey-porterage are combined. There are, in fact, various theories extant as to how this little settlement is drained, but that which seems to force itself most strongly upon the convictions of all dispassionate noses, is the theory that it is not drained at all. Be the system what it may, it is unquestionably odoriferous. But then, is not this the case with every Italian town, and have we not here the delicious perfume of the orange-blossom to drown that other and less agreeable smell?

Some, then, there are who would call this town odoriferous, and some who would call it dull; and doubtless, regarded from the point of view taken by those who are fond of excitement, and given to the pursuit of pleasure, it *is* dull. If you cannot be satisfied with beautiful scenery, and restorative air—warm but not relaxing—if you cannot provide yourself with some occupation which shall engage you for a certain number of hours daily; if you cannot get recreation enough out of country walks, excursions to the neighbouring towns and villages, and a certain amount of intercourse with the visitors to the place, who are generally exceedingly well disposed to be sociable—then it seems probable that Mentone is not the right place for you, and that you had better settle elsewhere for the winter.

An attempt has been made lately to provide some amusement for those who are capable of availing themselves of it, by the inauguration of a sort of casino at some little distance from the town. Here you can read the newspapers, and play at billiards, on condition of paying a certain monthly subscription. Now and then, also, a concert is given at these rooms, and sometimes a few adventurous spirits will even attempt to get up a dance. Such efforts, however, are somewhat spasmodic in character as yet. It is possible that they may prosper better hereafter. The fact is, and this should always be borne in mind, that everybody who comes here is either an invalid, or is in constant attendance upon somebody who is so. If you have got a leg to stand upon, you feel as if you were a sort of interloper who has no business in the place, like an irregular customer who gets into an omnibus full of commercial gentlemen who are

bound for the City, and all know each other—"What the deuce business have *you* here?" they seem to say by their looks. There are some here, however, who have come with sick friends or relatives, and who, being themselves almost exceptionally strong and robust, wear so defiant and sturdy an air as they march along, prepared with baskets slung round them, and alpenstocks in their hands to ascend the mountains, that their carriage seems almost unfeeling and entirely inconsiderate towards the weaker Mentonists. It is certainly not the place for strong and energetic people. There is nothing going on, no theatre except a sort of booth with a pay place outside, and which is never open. There are, indeed, no evening amusements of any kind, for the place is intended for invalids, and they must not go out after dark. So the friends in health are apt to find themselves a little low in their spirits, and are apt to look frequently at their watches, and to express astonishment that it is still so early. The sources of excitement are certainly not many. There is the departure and arrival of the diligence which travels daily between Mentone and Nice, and there is nothing to prevent you from looking on at these ceremonies, when you will observe that all the horses have raw places on them, and that all the raw places have buckles rubbing against them. Perhaps it is this circumstance which makes their tempers fractious, but certain it is that you must mind where you stand, or you may chance to get a kick. Then it is possible to walk to the frontier, which is not far off, and to stand in front of the stone which marks it, with one leg in France and the other in Italy. This is quite a grand sensation, and he who so stands will invariably feel that he has done something exceedingly clever, something to be mentioned afterwards to his grandchildren. The change of language is proclaimed at once upon that stone. "France" is on the French side of it, but on the other is inscribed the euphonious word "Italia."

The two nations are in this neighbourhood greatly at loggerheads, and the French annexation is somewhat unpopular with the Italians. Even the names of the towns are being Gallicised; Villa Franca has become Ville Franche, and Mentone, Menton. The pronunciation of this last word has become quite a badge of party. The Italian faction, adhering to the original spelling, and pronouncing the final "e," while the French appear sometimes not to understand you unless you pronounce the word in accordance with the French idiom—Menton.

Mentone is by no means a gourmand's paradise, and a sojourn in this town should never be recommended to those who depend much upon the pleasures of the table. It is not merely that there is great difficulty in getting hold of a cook with clean and wholesome views in connexion with this great art, but that the materials with which the culinary artist has to deal are to so great an extent defective. There are no vegetables at Mentone, only some very bad oranges in the way of fruit, scarcely any fish,

though the town is almost *in* the sea, and the beef and mutton are poor in the extreme. And how should it be otherwise? There is literally no pasturage here, and both sheep and oxen are kept in stables, cellars, dwelling-houses, anywhere, in short, out of the way.

The sheep at Mentone are animals such as—thank goodness—one does not meet with every day. Indeed, at first you hardly recognise them as being sheep at all. They are shockingly tall; they have long attenuated legs, large hooked noses with a great prominent bone sticking out in their midst, they possess mangy dangling tails, with a great knob or tassel at the end, and are altogether so revolting in appearance, that they deprive you of your appetite for mutton from the time when you first encounter a flock of these spectres entering the town. These sheep are taken out for walks at regular hours, like a school. They walk for the most part on the beach close to the sea, and there is a shepherd in attendance, like an usher. The mutton, which is the result of such a state of things as this, is very much what might be expected. It is tasteless, there is not much of it, and it is defective in nutritive qualities. The sheep pass an abnormal existence, and Nature enters her protest with much propriety. The oxen are perhaps even taller in proportion than the sheep. Their stature is elephantine, they are exceedingly thin, their eyes are mild and wobegone, they are of a strange pale colour, and present an appearance calculated to excite pity even in the heart of a drover. They are fed to a large extent, as are also the sheep—in the desperation of a populace unpossessed of grass—on lemons!

As to the manner of living, it is much the same at Mentone as at Nice, only a little less extravagantly dear. There are hotels. There are *pensions* or boarding-houses, and there are villas or suites of apartments. Lodgings, such as abound at our English watering-places, where the landlady supplies the service, and does, or superintends, the cooking, are not to be found. You must either take a villa or "appartement," and set up an establishment of your own with hired servants, the best plan probably for at all a large party, or else you must stay at an hotel or boarding-house. These last are on a large scale here, and are much frequented. They have their advantages. You have no trouble with servants and housekeeping. You can leave at a day's notice if you are uncomfortable, and are not troubled with agreements and inventories, and all the disputes which are so common between landlord and tenant abroad. These immunities you must, however, purchase, as all immunities are purchased in this world, at the expense of certain annoyances of another kind from those experienced by the householder, but annoyances nevertheless. The table d'hôte dinner, unobjectionable—attractive, even, in some ways—when you are travelling about and know nobody at table, becomes not unfrequently a bore when you meet the same people every day for four months, and cannot easily make your

election which of them you will know, and which not. At an hotel you can, of course, dine in your own room if you choose, and choose to pay some small amount extra for the privilege. On the whole, unless your party is a large one, it is best to stay at one of the hotels. Two people can live very tolerably at one of these—a private sitting-room and fires, when you want them, included—for from six to seven pounds a week. There is, at any rate, no trouble. As to the dinners, there is always the bouilli and excellent poultry to fall back upon if other things fail; and if things are not as clean as they might be, why, after all, there is that peck which we must all of us swallow, sooner or later. You get it over quickly in the south.

One or two additional peculiarities of Mentone should be put on record, in order to make this brief notice of the place in any sort complete. It should be stated, for instance, that a list of visitors is published weekly. As a novice, you fly to it eagerly on the look-out for names of your friends. After a little experience, however, of the kind of names printed in this list, you lose all confidence in it. The amount of fancy spelling exhibited in these catalogues may amuse, but it does not inform. Who could place any confidence, for instance, in such an announcement as that "Smifwick and family" had arrived, or that "Porkson and suite" were at the Villa Marina?

Some of the manners and customs of the people are objectionable. The native funerals are conducted in a very grisly fashion, and the performers and lookers-on seem to revel in their ghastliness. They take place in the dark. There is a long procession of exceedingly dirty persons who belong to a brotherhood of Penitents, some of whom are white Penitents, and others black. They are dressed in garments which cover the head and face, leaving only great staring eye-holes for the Penitents to see through. The costume of the black Penitents is the most horrible, but it does not show the dirt; that of the white Penitents *does* show the dirt. This remark applies equally to the vestments of the priests and to the surplices of the *enfants de chœur*. The procession is a very long one, with the body borne on a sort of bier in the midst. Everybody carries a candle of the most attenuated and flickering kind, and everybody joins in a discordant, tuneless chant. The effect of all this carried on in the dark, or, worse still, in the dusk, is exceedingly disconcerting.

It is a trying thing, again, that when any work has to be done at Mentone, such as unloading a ship, for instance, which has newly come into port, the inhabitants think it necessary to get up in the middle of the night. Such work as this is accompanied by a considerable amount of noise, and by a vast deal of screaming, so that if you happen to be quartered at all near the port, your night's rest is liable to be affected not a little.

The extent to which the heaviest loads are carried by the Mentone women on their heads, is again apt to affect strangers with dismay. This is the method by which the most enormous

baskets full of oranges and lemons are brought into the town from the neighbouring hill-country. The peasants walk barefoot under these terrible loads, and as each foot is set down the woman's whole frame quivers with the shock. The strange thing is that the women themselves do not seem to mind their own sufferings—for surely they must suffer—and would probably strongly resent any attempt which might be made to ameliorate their condition.

The author has sought in this paper, as far as the space at his disposal permitted, to represent Mentone as it is, neither extenuating anything nor setting down aught in malice. The truth is, that in treating of a place such as this, the greatest care ought to be taken, in order that no risk of giving false impressions may be run. This is no ordinary watering-place, one among others. It is, as has been said above, a sort of harbour of refuge, and it is very important that the exact nature of such harbour should be known to those who think of putting into it. The journey to Mentone is a long one, and the resolution to make it should not be taken—especially by the weak and suffering—without some forethought. The merits and demerits of the place have been plainly stated here, but in “summing up,” it seems only fair to say that, in the opinion of one who has passed an exceptionally hard winter at Mentone, and seen it at its worst, the good side preponderates greatly over the evil; for though the place is dull—melancholy even, if you will,—though you may have some amount of discomfort and dirt to encounter, in connexion with household arrangements generally, and those which belong to the kitchen particularly—still it is certain that what those, for the most part, who come here seek they will most surely find—a place of refuge, namely, from the full bitterness of a northern climate, a sheltered nook where they may hide themselves securely till the winter has passed away.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “BARBARA’S HISTORY.”

CHAPTER LVIII. A DINNER TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

FOR the first time since he had come into his fortune, Telemachus had succeeded in persuading Mentor to take dinner with him. He had invited him to gorgeous club dinners, to Richmond dinners, to Blackwall dinners, to snug tête-à-tête dinners at the St. James’s-street chambers, and Mentor had systematically and inflexibly declined them, one and all. So the present was quite an eventful occasion; and Telemachus, who had become rather famous for the way in which he entertained his friends, had provided a very recherché little dinner, in honour of his cousin’s society.

They met at Saxon’s chambers, in St. James’s-street. There were flowers on the table, and

various kinds of wine in and out of ice on the sideboard, and a succession of the most delicate courses that the most fastidious gourmand could desire. These latter, being supplied by a first-rate house in the neighbourhood, kept continually arriving in cabs, so that the poet was literally right for once, and each dish came “not as a meat, but as a guest.”

“Education is a wonderful thing, Saxon,” said Mr. Trefalden, when the business of the meal was over, and they were amusing themselves with some peaches and a pine. “The last time you and I dined together, it was at Reichenau. You were then very much surprised because I would not let you drink Lafitte and water, and you had never tasted truffles. You called them ‘nasty black things,’ if I remember rightly.”

“And now I can discriminate between white Hermitage and Château Yquem, and appreciate, as I ought, the genius of the Greeks, who made sixty-two kinds of bread!”

“I fear your newly acquired wisdom will be of little use to you in Norway. By the way, you owe me five hundred and sixty pounds.”

“What for?”

“For eight oil paintings, worth about two pounds apiece.”

And then Mr. Trefalden, laughing at his cousin’s astonishment, told him that he had purchased these pictures from Mrs. Rivière.

“I have called upon them twice or thrice,” he said, “and each time I have freely paid away your good coin of the realm. I bought four pictures the first time, two the second, and so forth. They seemed very poor, and very glad to get the money.”

“They are not more glad than I am,” said Saxon. “When did you see them last?”

“About four or five days ago. They were then just starting for Italy, and are by this time, I suppose, some way upon the road. The mother looked ill. She is not in the least like our friend Lady Castletowers.”

“To what part of Italy are they gone?”

“To Nice; where I am to write to them, in case I hear of a purchaser for any more of the paintings. Shall I hear of a purchaser, or do you conceive that you have thrown away enough money for the present?”

“Find the purchaser, by all means,” replied Saxon. “Five hundred and sixty pounds are soon spent.”

“Out of your purse—yes; but such a sum is a little fortune in theirs.”

“I want them to have a hundred a year,” said Saxon.

“Which means that our imaginary connoisseur is to spend two thousand pounds. My good fellow, they would never believe it!”

“Try them. It is so easy to believe in pleasant impossibilities.”

“Well, I will see what I can do—after all, they are but women, and women are credulous.”

“Don’t you think her very pretty?” asked Saxon, somewhat irrelevantly.

To which Mr. Trefalden, holding his wine-

glass to the light, replied, with great indifference:

"Why, no—not particularly."

"She is like a Raffaele Madonna!" said Saxon, indignantly.

"Perhaps—but I am no admirer of Madonnas. Olimpia Colonna is ten times handsomer."

Saxon was silent.

"Have you seen the Colonnas since they left Castletowers?" asked Mr. Trefalden, looking at him somewhat curiously.

"No—I have not had time to call upon them. And now tell me something about the Company."

Mr. Trefalden had a great deal to tell about the Company—about the offices that were in course of erection at Alexandria and Sidon; about the engineers who were already at work upon the line; about the scientific party that had started for Hit, in search of the hoped-for coal strata; about the deputation that was on its way to Bagdad; and, above all, about the wonderful returns that every shareholder might expect to receive in the course of some six or eight years more.

"If I were not bound for Norway," said Saxon, "I would take a trip up the Mediterranean, to inspect the works and report progress."

"It would scarcely repay you at present," replied his cousin. "A year hence there will be more to see. And now farewell to you."

Saxon saw his cousin to the door, and parted from him with reluctance. A few months back he would have kissed him on both cheeks, as on the evening when they first met in Switzerland; but civilisation had rubbed off the bloom of his Arcadianism by this time, and he refrained.

He had scarcely returned to his room, scarcely rung for lights and seated himself at his desk with the intention of writing a few leave-taking notes, and arranging his scattered papers, when he heard a cab dash up to the door, a hasty footstep in the ante-room, and a familiar voice asking if he were at home. The next moment Lord Castletowers was in the room.

"You here to-night!" exclaimed Saxon. "Has anything happened?"

"Only this," replied his friend. "Colonna is summoned to Palermo, and *must* go. He had intended to cross to Sicily from Genoa; but some cabal is on foot, and he has been warned that he is liable to arrest if seen in any French or Sardinian port. Now I come to ask if *you* will take him over?"

"To Sicily?"

"Yes—round by Gibraltar. It is Colonna's only safe route; and we could steer northwards as soon as we had landed our man. Do you mind doing this?"

"Not in the least. I would as soon sail in one direction as another—nay, I had far sooner steer southward than northward, if that be all!"

"Then it is settled?"

"Quite—if Signor Colonna will meet us at

Portsmouth to-morrow. But I thought you hated the cause, Castletowers, and would do no more for it!"

The Earl smiled sadly.

"One may quarrel with liberty as often as Horace with Lydia," said he; "but one can no more help coming back to her than one can help loving her."

CHAPTER LVIII. SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

DAY by day the Albula spread her white wings and skimmed like a sea-bird over the face of the waters. The picturesque Channel Isles; the cloudy cliff of Finisterre; the rock of Gibraltar, blinding white in the glare of the mid-day sun; Mount Abyla, shadowy and stupendous, standing out from the faint line of the African coast; the far peaks of the Sierra Nevada; and the Spanish islands, green with groves of orange and citron, rose one by one out of the blue sea, glided past, and sank away again in the distance. Sometimes no land was visible on either side. Sometimes the little vessel sped along so close under the lee of the wooded headlands, that those on board could hear the chiming of the convent-bells, and the challenge of the sentinels pacing the ramparts of the sea-washed forts. But for the most part they kept well off the shore, steering direct for Sicily. And all this time the two friends mainly lived on deck, acquiring nautical knowledge, growing daily more and more intimate, and leaving Signor Colonna to fill page after page of close and crabbed manuscript in the cabin below. It was a delicious time. The days were all splendour and the nights all stars, and the travellers slept to the pleasant music of the waves.

"Lend me your glass, Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers. "I want to look at that steam frigate. I can't make out her flag."

They had been several days at sea, and were within about eighteen hours' sail of Palermo. A faint blue headland far away to the left marked the southernmost point of the island of Sardinia; while straight ahead, trailing a banner of pale smoke behind her, came the frigate that had attracted Lord Castletowers' attention.

"She seems to be coming our way," said Saxon.

"She is bearing right down upon us," replied the Earl. "And she carries guns—I don't quite like the look of her."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do."

And Lord Castletowers went to the top of the cabin stairs and called to Colonna to come up.

"I want you just to glance at this steamer through Trefalden's glass," said he. "Will you mind giving your pen a moment's rest?"

"Not at all," replied the Italian; and came at once on deck.

His brow darkened at sight of the approaching steamer. He took the glass; adjusted the focus; looked for some ten seconds silently and

steadily; and returned it with but a single word of comment.

"Neapolitan."

"Good God!" exclaimed Castletowers, "what is to be done?"

Signor Colonna hesitated a moment before replying; but when his words came, they were quick and decisive.

"If the captain *has* a motive in bearing down upon us, I am the object of his search. But he cannot be alongside for at least ten minutes. I will hide my papers at once. If Mr. Trefalden will lend me one of his pilot coats, and you will both call me Sir Thomas Wylde, I have no fear of detection. I speak English quite well enough to deceive any Neapolitan. I have done it before, in worse emergencies than this. Remember—Sir Thomas Wylde. I have a passport made out in that name, in case it is asked for."

And with this he plunged back into the cabin; gathered his letters and papers into a handkerchief and hid them in a corner of the caboose; slipped on one of Saxon's blue over-coats gorgeous with anchor buttons; lit a short clay pipe; pulled his cap a little forward over his brow; lay down at full length on a sofa in the cabin; and waited patiently.

"She has signalled for us to lie to!" cried Lord Castletowers down the cabin stairs.

"Lie to, then, by all means."

"And her captain seems to be coming on board."

"He is very welcome."

Lord Castletowers smiled, in spite of his anxiety.

"That man is as cool as an iceberg," said he to Saxon. "And yet he knows he will be swinging from the topmost tower of St. Elmo within forty-eight hours, if these people recognise him!"

And now the great frigate towered alongside the tiny yacht, frowning down with all her port-holes, and crowded with armed men.

A ladder was then lowered over the ship's side, and the Neapolitan commander and one of his officers came on board.

The Neapolitan was perfectly polite, and apologised for his intrusion with the best-bred air in the world. He requested to know the name and destination of the yacht, the name of her owner, and the names of all persons on board.

Lord Castletowers, who assumed the office of spokesman, replied in fluent Italian. The name of the yacht was the *Albula*; she was the property of Mr. Trefalden, who was cruising in the Mediterranean with his friends Lord Castletowers and Sir Thomas Wylde. They had no object whatever in view, save their own pleasure, and could not say in what direction they might be going. Probably to Athens. Quite as probably to Constantinople or Smyrna. Their passports were at the signor capitano's disposition, should he desire to see them.

The signor capitano bowed, and inquired if Milord Trefalden had any intention of landing in Sicily?

The Earl replied that Mr. Trefalden would probably put in at Marsala for fresh water.

"Milord carries no arms, no gunpowder, no munitions of war?"

"Only the brass swivel which the signor capitano perceives on deck, and its appurtenances."

The Neapolitan explained that he was under the necessity of requesting permission to glance into the hold, which was accordingly opened for his inspection. He then asked leave to see the cabin, and went down, accompanied by Trefalden and Castletowers, leaving his lieutenant on deck.

"Our friend Sir Thomas Wylde," said the Earl, with an introductory wave of the hand.

Colonna, who was still lying on the sofa, with his pipe in his mouth, and an old *Times* supplement in his hand, lifted up his head at these words, rose lazily, made a very stiff bow, and said nothing. The Neapolitan commander returned the bow, made some pleasant remark on the gentilezza of the pretty little cabin, and again apologised for the trouble he had given.

The present insurrection, he explained, compelled his Majesty's government to keep strict watch upon all vessels sailing towards Sicily. It was not an agreeable service for the officers of his Majesty's navy; but it was a very necessary one. He believed that he had now but one duty left to perform. He must trouble milords to hear him read a little proclamation containing the description of one Giulio Colonna, a noted political offender, for whose apprehension his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies offered a reward of two thousand piastres. The said Giulio Colonna, he might add, was supposed to be even now on his way to Palermo.

He then drew a paper from his pocket-book, and, removing his hat, read aloud in the name of his sovereign a very minute and accurate inventory of Signor Colonna's outward man, describing his eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, hair, beard, moustache, height, and complexion; to all of which Signor Colonna listened with a placid composure that might have deceived Mephistopheles himself.

"What is all that about?" said he in English, when the officer had finished reading. "I do not understand Italian, you know."

Saxon could hardly forbear laughing outright while Castletowers gravely translated the proclamation for the benefit of the supposed Sir Thomas.

Colonna smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Pshaw!" said he. "A hopeless quest. They might as well try to catch a swallow on the wing!"

Whereupon the signor capitano, understanding the tone and gesture, though not the words, drew himself up, and replied, with some little assumption of dignity, that the man in question was a notorious traitor, and certain to fall into the hands of justice before long.

He then left the cabin somewhat less graciously than he had entered it, and Lord Castle-

towers, following him upon deck, took occasion to apologise for his friend.

"Sir Thomas is brusque," he said; "but then the English *are* brusque."

To which the Neapolitan replied by a well-turned compliment to himself, and took his leave. He then returned to his ship, followed by his lieutenant; the ladder was drawn up; final salutations were exchanged; the steam frigate hove off with a fiery panting at her heart; and in a few minutes the strip of blue sea between the two vessels had widened to the space of half a mile.

"Hurra!" shouted the Earl. "Come up, Sir Thomas Wyde, and join me in three cheers for Francesco Secondo! You are safely past Seylla this time."

"And Charybdis," replied Colonna, divesting himself of Saxon's blue coat, and answering from below. "Do you know why I did not come on deck?"

"No."

"Because I caught a glimpse of that lieutenant's face as he jumped on board."

"Do you know him?"

"Perfectly. His name is Galeotti. He used to profess liberalism a dozen years ago; and he was my secretary in Rome in 'forty-eight."

CHAPTER LIX. PALERMO.

A GIGANTIC curve of rippling blue sea—an irregular crescent of amber sand, like a golden scimitar laid down beside the waves—a vast area of cultivated slopes, rising terrace above terrace, plateau beyond plateau, all thick with vineyards, villas, and corn-slopes—here and there a solitary convent with its slender bell-tower peeping over the tree-tops—great belts of dusky olives, and, higher still, dense covers of chesnut and ilex—around and above all, circling in the scene from point to point, an immense amphitheatre of mountains, all verdure below, all barrenness above, whose spurs strike their roots into the voluptuous sea, and whose purple peaks stand in serrated outline against the soft blue sky.

"The bay of Palermo!"

Such was the exclamation that burst from the lips of the two younger men as the Albula rounded the headland of St. Gallo about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following their encounter with the Neapolitan frigate. Colonna, who had been waiting on deck for the last hour, silent and expectant, held out his arms, as if he would fain have embraced the glorious panorama, and murmured something which might have been a salutation or a prayer.

"Yes, the bay of Palermo!" repeated Lord Castletowers, with enthusiasm. "The loveliest bay in Europe, let the Neapolitan say what he will! That furthest point is Cefala—here is the Monte Pellegrino, crowned with the shrine of Santa Rosalia—yonder, in that mountain gorge, lies Monreale; and this part which we are now passing is called the Conca d'Oro. See, there are the domes of Palermo already coming into sight!"

"And there," said Colonna, pointing to a flag flapping languidly from the battlements of a little tower close down upon the strand, "there, Heaven be praised, is the tricolor of Italy!"

And now, as the yacht drew nearer, a compact forest of spires and pinnacles, glittering domes and white-fronted palaces, rose, as it were, out of the bay at their approach. The sentinel on the Molo flung up his cap and shouted "Viva Garibaldi!" as they passed. The harbour swarmed with large and small craft of every description; speronaroës, feluccas, steamers, and open boats, every one of which carried the national flag conspicuously on mast or bowsprit. The quays were crowded with red shirts, Sardinian uniforms, and military priests; and close against the landing-place, under the shadow of Fort Galita, stood a large body of Garibaldians, perhaps a thousand in number, leaning on their muskets, and chattering with the most undisciplined vivacity imaginable. As Saxon's tiny yacht glided in under the bows of a great ungainly English steamer, some ten or a dozen of the red shirts stepped coolly out of the ranks, and came to the verge of the quay to reconnoitre these new comers.

At that moment, an Italian officer leaning over the side of the steamer cried:

"Ecco il Colonna!"

The name was heard by one of the soldiers on the quay. It flew from lip to lip; it swelled into a shout; the shout was taken up, echoed, repeated, redoubled, till the air rang with it, and the walls of the fortress gave it back again. In an instant the landing-place was surrounded; the deck of every vessel in the harbour became suddenly alive with men; and still the mighty welcome gathered voice:

"Colonna! Colonna!"

He bared his head to their greeting; but scarcely one in each thousand could see him where he stood. Thus several seconds passed, and the shouts were growing momentarily more passionate and impatient, when the accommodation ladder of the great steamer was suddenly lowered, and a young officer came springing down.

"Honoured signore," he said, cap in hand, "his Excellency General Garibaldi is on board, and entreats that you will step on deck."

Pale with emotion, Colonna turned to Saxon and the Earl, and said:

"Follow me."

But they would not.

"No; no," replied Castletowers. "Go up alone—it is better so. We will meet by-and-by."

"At the Trinacria, then!"

"Yes—at the Trinacria."

So Colonna went alone up the side of the City of Aberdeen, and from the midst of a group of red-shirted officers upon her upper deck, there stepped forth one more bronzed and weather-beaten than the rest, who took him by both hands and welcomed him as a brother.

At this sight, the shout became a roar—windows were thrown up, and balconies thronged

in all the houses round about the harbour—the troops on the quay fell back into position, and presented arms—and the first of an impromptu salute of twenty-one guns was fired from Fort Galita.

The two young men looked at each other, and smiled. They had been shouting like the rest, till they were hoarse; and now, when Saxon turned to his friend and said, "Shall we get quietly away, Castletowers, before the storm has subsided?"—the Earl caught at the idea, and proceeded at once to act upon it.

They then sheered off from the City of Aberdeen; moored the yacht close under the quay; beckoned to the nearest boatman; and were rowed, unnoticed, to a landing-place a little further down the harbour.

"And now, Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, when they presently found themselves on shore, "now for a race over Palermo!"

"Seusate," said a pleasant voice; "but will you accept of a guide?"

It was the young officer of the City of Aberdeen, who had followed them unseen, and overtaken them just as they landed.

In a moment they had all three shaken hands, and were chatting as joyously and freely as if they had known each other for weeks already.

"Have you ever been in Palermo before?" asked the Sicilian.

"Once, about four years ago," replied the Earl.

"Ah, Dio! it is sadly changed. You cannot see from this point what the cursed bombardment has done; but up by the Piazza Nuova the place is one heap of desolation—churches, convents, palaces, all destroyed, and hundreds of corpses yet lying unburied in the ruins! But we mean to take our revenge at Melazzo."

"At Melazzo?" repeated Saxon. "Where is that?"

"What! Do you not know?"

"We know nothing," said Castletowers, eagerly; "nothing of what has happened since we left England. What about Melazzo?"

They had been turning their backs upon the harbour, and proceeding in the direction of the Strada Toledo; but at these words, their new friend seized them each by the arm, and hurried them back to the quay.

"You see that great steamer?" he exclaimed, pointing to the City of Aberdeen. "That steamer on board of which his Excellency invited the Colonna?"

"Yes."

"And those troops drawn up against the landing-place?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, they are all picked men; the last twelve hundred of the expedition. They are now waiting to go on board, and by ten o'clock to-night will steam out of the harbour. General Cosenz and his Cacciatori are already gone—they went last evening; but Garibaldi himself goes with us in the City of Aberdeen. Melazzo is

not far—we shall be there before daybreak; but they say there will be no fighting till the day after to-morrow."

"Why, this is glorious!" cried Saxon.

"Yes, you are in luck to drop in for a siege the day after your arrival," replied the Sicilian. "I have been here for nearly three weeks, and have had nothing to do yet, except to assist in the demolition of the Castello, and that was not amusing. It was all well enough for the first hour or two; but one soon gets tired of pulling down stone walls when there are no Regi behind them."

He then led the way back to the Toledo, pointing out those places where the struggle had been fiercest, asking and answering questions, and pouring forth his pleasant talk with the simple vivacity of a boy.

His name, he said, was Silvio Beni. He was the second son of a Palermitan landowner on the other side of the island, and held the rank of aide-de-camp in the Garibaldian army. He had fought last year as a volunteer at Solferino; but had no intention of becoming a soldier by profession. Fighting for liberty was one thing; but fighting for four pauls a day was another. He meant to cultivate olives and vines, and live the pastoral life of his forefathers, if he did not happen to get shot before the end of the campaign.

Chattering thus, he led Saxon and Castletowers through the chief streets of the city; and a terrible sight it was for eyes unused to the horrors of war. Here were the remnants of the famous barricades of the 27th of May; here the shattered walls of the University, the Pretorio pitted with shot-holes, and the monastery of the Seven Angels, of which a mere shell remained. Then came a stately palace, roofless and windowless—the blackened foundations of a church once famous for its archives—a whole street propped, and threatening to fall at every moment—the charred fragments of a convent in which the helpless sisters had been burned alive beyond the possibility of escape. In some places scarcely one stone was left standing on another. In some, the fiery storm had passed by and left no trace of its course.

Presently, from a broad space of indistinguishable ruin, pestilent with unburied dead, they emerged upon a quarter where the streets were gay with promenaders and the cafés crowded with idlers; where the national flag floated gaily from the roofs of the public buildings, and all the butterfly business of South Italian life was going on as merrily as if the ten-inch shell were a phenomenon the very name of which was unknown to Sicilian ears.

Saxon could not comprehend how these people should be eating ices and playing at dominoes, as if nothing had happened of late to disturb their equanimity. It seemed to him inexpressibly shocking and heartless; and, not being accustomed to conceal his opinions, he said so, very bluntly.

The Sicilian smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"They are so happy to be free," he replied, apologetically.

"But what right have they to be happy while their dead lie unburied at their very doors?" asked Saxon, indignantly. "What right have they to forget the hundreds of innocent women and children crushed and burned in their homes, or the Neapolitans who massacred them?"

"Ah, gli assassini! we will pay them out at Melazzo," was the quick reply.

And this was the Sicilian temperament. Sights which filled Saxon and the Earl with pity and horror, brought but a passing cloud upon the brow of their new acquaintance. He had seen them daily for three weeks, and grown familiar with them. He talked and laughed in the very precincts of death; scrambled up the barricades; showed where the Regi had been repulsed, and at which point the Garibaldians had come in; chattered about the cession of Nice, the probable duration of the war, the priests, the sbirri, the foreign volunteers, and all the thousand-and-one topics connected with the revolutionary cause; and thought a great deal more of the coming expedition than of the past bombardment.

At length, just as they came out upon the Marina, a gun was fired from Fort Galita, and their Sicilian friend bade them a hasty farewell.

"That is our signal for assembling on board," said he. "If you reach Melazzo before the work is begun, ask for me. I may be able to do something for you. At all events, I will try."

"We won't forget that promise!" replied Saxon, eagerly.

"Addio, fratelli."

And these young men who looked forward to the coming fight as if it were a pleasure-party, who were total strangers to each other one short hour ago, but who were brought into contact by accident, and into sympathy by their love of liberty, their careless courage, and their faith in a common cause, embraced and parted, literally, as brothers.

The friends then went straight to the Trinacria Hotel, and, learning that Colonna had not yet arrived, turned at once towards the quay. Here they found a dense crowd assembled, and the City of Aberdeen with her steam up, and all the troops on board.

The people were frothing over with excitement, and so densely packed that the young men might as reasonably have tried to elbow their way through a stone wall as through the solid human mass interposed between themselves and the landing-place. They gathered from the exclamations of those around them that the troops were drawn up on deck, and that Garibaldi was known to be in the saloon. Now and then a shout was raised for some officer who appeared for a moment on deck;

and sometimes, when nothing else was doing, a voice from the crowd would give the signal for a storm of vivas.

Presently an officer of Cacciatori, with the well-known plume of cocks' feathers in his hat, came hurrying down the quay. The crowd parted right and left, as if by magic, and he passed through amid a shower of benedictions and addios.

"Do you know who that is?" asked Saxon of those around.

"No—God bless him!" said one.

"We only know that he is going to fight for us," said another.

"The Holy Virgin and all the saints have him in their keeping!" added a third.

At this moment the crowd surged suddenly back again—a great roar burst from the thousand-throated throng—a gun was fired—and the City of Aberdeen was under weigh!

In another second the mass had wavered, parted, turned like a mighty tide, and begun flowing out through the Porta Felice, and following the course of the steamer along the Marina Promenade. The soldiers on board stood motionless, with their hands to the sides of their hats, saluting the crowd. The crowd raced tumultuously along the shore, weeping, raving, clapping its hands for the soldiers, and shouting "Viva Garibaldi! Viva la Liberta!" One woman fell on her knees upon the quay, with her little infant in her arms, and prayed aloud for the liberators.

Saxon and the Earl stood still, side by side, looking after the lessening steamer, and listening to the shouts, which grew momentarily fainter and more distant.

"Good Heavens!" said Castletowers, "what a terrific thing human emotion is, when one beholds it on such a scale as this! I should have liked to see this people demolishing the Castello."

Saxon drew a deep breath before replying, and when he spoke his words were no answer to the Earl's remark.

"I tell you what it is, Castletowers," he said; "I feel as if we had no business to remain here another hour. For God's sake, let us buy a couple of red shirts, and be after the rest as fast as the little Albula can get us through the water!"

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